We Visit Old Inns

Mary Harrod Northend

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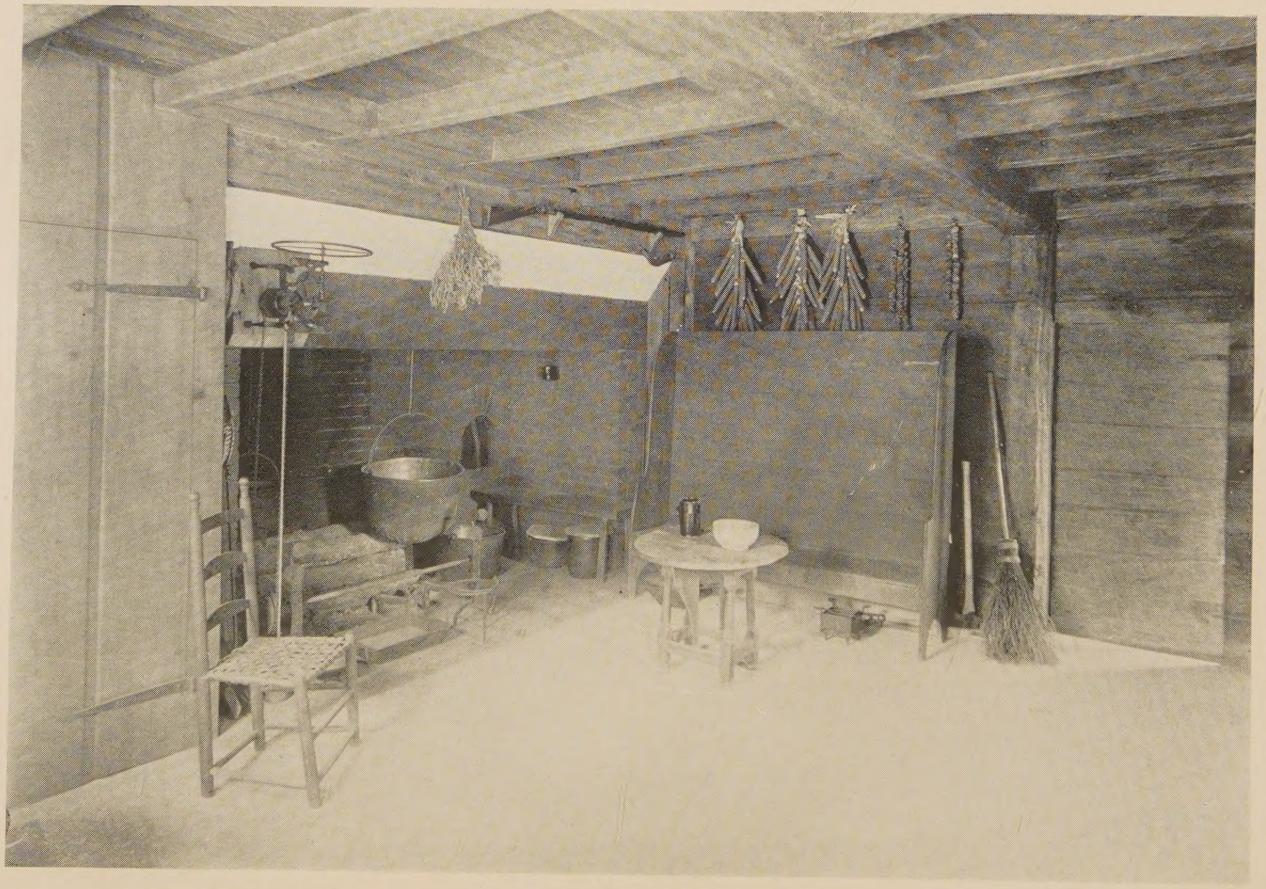
WE VISIT OLD INNS



SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FIREPLACE, ESSEX INSTITUTE, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

WE VISIT OLD INNS

By

MARY HARROD NORTHEND

BOSTON
SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1925
By SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Second Printing, January, 1926

Printed in the United States of America

THE MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
THE BOSTON BOOKBINDING COMPANY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO
FRANCIS SEYMORE BENJAMIN, JR.
AND
EDWIN BONNETT BENJAMIN

FOREWORD

As I sit musing by the firelight, two earnest faces seemingly peer up into mine questioning concerning Tavern days and ways. For them I have delved into the misty past to unearth authoritative facts, many of which are till now untold. This that they may learn to appreciate fearlessness and strength of character as developed in their ancestors, during the days when their land was a trackless forest with Indian trails leading from settlement to settlement.

It is pleasant to re-live in imagination this glorious past; to realize the hardships which beset our forefathers on every hand. Their only recreation was the "ordinary" where they met to lounge before the roaring fire, sipping their flip as they discussed their problems of life.

There are fascinating tales connected with the past, many of which will never be told. The oldest inhabitants are rapidly passing away, thus making it imperative that from them we gather memories of the early days, told to them as they gathered around the fireside listening eagerly to their grandsires' stories of the days when civilization was less advanced. Only thus do we realize the important steps by which our brave ancestors settled a country which ranks today among the most important of many lands.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I	The Landlord Describes Old Inns	3
II	The Norwalk Inn Brass	15
III	The Wayside Inn Lanterns	20
IV	Wayland Inn Samplers	29
V	Williams Inn Liverpool Ware	36
VI	The Winslow House Salt Glaze	45
VII	The Motor Car Inn Fourposters	52
VIII	The Leslie Inn Cottage Figures	57
IX	The Washington Tavern Corner Cupboards	64
X	The Berry Tavern Bohemian Glass	71
XI	Baldpate Inn Mirrors	77
XII	Phillips Inn Pewter	84
XIII	Wolfe Tavern Lowestoft Ware	92
XIV	Ye Rogers Manse Sheffield Plate	100
XV	Ye Olde Burnham House Clocks	109
XVI	The House of Color Tobies	117
XVII	The Pierce Tavern Scenic Wall Papers	125

PAGE

XVIII Deerfield Inn 133
Hooked Rugs

XIX Groton Inn 140
Luster Ware

XX The Wright Tavern 147
Old Cottons

XXI The Samoset House 154
Bottles

XXII Ye 1711 Inn 162
Bandboxes

XXIII Other Inns and Their Legends 170

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Seventeenth Century Fireplace, Essex Institute, Salem, Massachusetts . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Watchman's Lantern, Old Pewter, Flip Stand *Facing Page* 16

Scenic Wall Paper 17

Wayside Inn, Sudbury, Massachusetts 22

Colonial Travel — *Stage Coach Trunk*, *Molly Stark Chaise* . 23

Wayland Inn, Wayland, Massachusetts 30

Samplers — *Petit-Point*, *Mourning* 31

Original Williams Tavern, Marlboro, Massachusetts — Williams Tavern of Today 36

Liverpool Ware — *Agriculture*, *Commerce*, *Puzzle Jug*, *National Liberty* 37

Winslow House, Marshfield, Massachusetts 46

Dining Room, Winslow House, Marshfield, Massachusetts — Salt Glaze Saltcellar, Salt Glaze Pitcher 47

Motor Car Inn, Dennis, Massachusetts — Remodelled Cape Cod House 54

Colonial Fourposter Beds 55

Leslie Inn, Marblehead, Massachusetts — Cottage Figures, *John Gilpin's Race*, *Reversible Soldier and Sailor Boys* . . 58

Cottage Figures — Pastoral Cottage Figures 59

Washington Tavern, Washington Street, Salem, Massachusetts 66

China Cupboards 67

Berry Tavern, Danvers, Massachusetts 72

Bohemian Glass, Stiegel Glass 73

Baldpate Inn, Georgetown, Massachusetts 78

Colonial Mirrors — *Chippendale*, *Betrothal*, *Convex*, *Picture* . 79

Ye Phillips Inn, Andover, Massachusetts 84

Collection of Pewter 85

Wolfe Tavern, Newburyport, Massachusetts . . *Facing Page* 92
Lowestoft Ware — *Dated Set, Three Vases* 93
Rogers Manse, Ipswich, Massachusetts — Hallway in Rogers Manse 100
Sheffield Plate — *Castor, Cake Basket, Tray, Teapot* . . . 101
Ye Burnham Fireplace, Ipswich, Massachusetts 110
Wigwag Clock — Hour Glass 111
Three Old Tobies — House of Color, Magnolia, Massachusetts 118
Tobies — *Old Woman, Shepherd's Plaid, Parson, Sailor* . . 119
Pierce Tavern, Hillsboro, New Hampshire 126
Scenic Wall Paper — *Lee House, Marblehead, Massachusetts; Pierce Tavern, Hillsboro, New Hampshire* 127
Hooked Rugs — *Swan Pattern, Flower Pattern* 134
Hooked Rug — *Parrot Pattern* 135
Groton Inn, Groton, Massachusetts — Silver Luster . . . 140
Groton Inn — Antique Copper Luster Ware 141
Wright Tavern, Concord, Massachusetts — Old Cotton, *Departure and Return from School* 148
Old Cotton — *Chinese, Peacock* 149
View of Marblehead Neck, 1797 — *Fireboard* 154
Antique Bottles — *Washington, Shield, American Eagle, Tree* 155
Ye 1711 Inn, Meriden, Connecticut — Storm at Sea Bandbox 162
Bandboxes — *Balloon Ascension, After the Hunt, New York Post Office, Flowers and Italian Gardens* 163

WE VISIT OLD INNS

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CHAPTER I

THE LANDLORD DESCRIBES OLD INNS

It was mid December and the ground was white with snow, the moon sending down its silver shafts of light upon the snow-clad roads, while three friends and I gathered around the cheerful hearth to discuss our Christmas gifts. As we glanced out upon the freshly fallen snow, we yielded to the tempting thought of leaving the sordid city far behind and traveling in the open country, exquisite in its mantle of snow. Clothing ourselves in fur we started on our way, in a spirit of adventure. How delightful it was to glide over unknown roads, now passing lofty hills whose snow-caps melted into the star-lit sky; coming upon frozen lakes that glistened in the moonlight, or watching the evergreens clear cut against the dark horizon. Funny little rabbits, in scampering over the snow-clad fields, had left the imprints of their flying feet.

Suddenly shadows fell across our pathway. Looking upward we saw that the fleecy clouds, which had been loitering in the distant horizon, had risen swiftly until they covered the starry heavens, sending down great flakes of snow that clothed us in a garb of white. As if out of nowhere we for the first time spied a beam of light which cast a silver thread across our path. It

was a watchman's lantern hung just over an old batten door; — the entrance to a weathered farmhouse, standing by the side of the road and boldly defined in its bonnet of white. Through the small-paned window glimmered candlelight, disclosing a sign, half obliterated by wind and weather, creaking on its hinges as it swung back and forth with every passing breeze. We gladly scurried up the path, to lift the iron door pull that hung on the patterned nail-head door. The door swung back on its strap iron hinges, and disclosed a roaring fire that crackled up the chimney place on the opposite side of the room, bidding us welcome.

Stamping our feet, we entered, waking the landlord who had been dozing on the settle by the side of the roaring fire. We yielded to his wish to throw off our wraps and hover near the merry blaze, and seated ourselves in the high-back settles that stood, as they did in the early days, on either side of the fireplace.

What a cheery room it was, — large and spacious, finished with mellow smoke-stained walls; the summer beam chamfered at the edges, decorated with bunches of red peppers, and garlands of dried apples, forming a soft brown color scheme that harmonized most delightfully.

Over the fireplace, on the wooden mantel, the soft sheen of old pewter harmonized in color with the mellow wood. In the background were chargers ranging from large to small, while in the foreground measures and tankards glimmered in the firelight that flickered carelessly over them.

An old-fashioned dresser stood close by, probably brought over in one of the cumbersome ships that

carried colonists to settle in the dense forests. On it was a background of gay china, relieved by tobies that stood temptingly arrayed, much as they must have been in the days when the house was the assembly place of our forebears. Here and there around the room were gate-legged, square and round tables, each one of the old-time tavern type, surrounded by Windsor chairs. Following the custom of olden days, homespun linen covered every table, while maids in aprons and caps of the seventeenth century moved gracefully back and forth as they set the table with old pewter for our coming repast.

Awaiting dinner, we left the cheerful blaze to look out at the storm-clad skies through which the moon was peering, lighting up woods and meadows with gleams of silver that disclosed roaming deer in the pastures, — flashes of yellow as they raced by, disappearing in the woodlands beyond. These glimpses of wild life spelled mystery and enchantment to our wondering eyes.

The supper was delicious, and how we enjoyed the old-fashioned food served as it was in our ancestors' time! It seemed as if we were living in log-cabin days when the "ordinary" came into existence, set up close by the meeting house and village green. It was the club house of the colonists, serving them as a gathering place where they assembled after their daily tasks were over. As we resumed our warm seats near the fireplace to listen to the landlord's tales, we imagined that the door suddenly opened. Our forebears entered, each man wearing underneath his cloak a coat of homespun, falling long and straight to a point below the knees;

and for nether garments, leather breeches made so full they could be worn front or back when signs of wear appeared. Bell-crowned hats were on their heads — how picturesque they seemed — so different in dress from those of modern day.

As the landlord had descended in direct line from one of the first tavern-keepers, he was filled with old-time lore, learned in part from his grandsire in his boyhood days. He told us concerning the first tavern opened in our country; describing vividly the slipping of the *Mayflower* into the shelter of the little new-found harbor; of the east wind whistling ominously through the rigging. It was not an auspicious season of the year, for no sweet-voiced songsters were perched among the branches, nor were flowers waving a colorful welcome to the settlers. Yet, as they looked out upon the wintry stretch of dunes, the waving of leafless branches, swaying hither and thither with each angry breeze, they were undaunted, and gazed rather wistfully at the unknown land where they were to found their homes.

They were content with clearing the forest and erecting simple log cabins of unseasoned wood, through whose cracks and crevices whistled the wind and storm. Such was their shelter from the wintry blasts, kept warm by huge logs always burning on the hearth.

Little wonder that the tavern, which came into existence so soon after the first settlement, was much frequented; days when they struggled for existence, doubtless making the cavernous fireplace and cheerful bar a pleasant meeting place, where they could discuss the topics of the day; the days when infrequent guests found their way — guided by Indian trails — to the

"ordinary," which in 1640 was a lean-to, the principal rooms of which were the fire room, the kitchen and living room — often the bedroom of the family.

With the clearing of the forests and the enlarging of the settlements, the Indian trails broadened into wood roads, and the tavern became a social and political gathering place. Here our forebears intelligently discussed political events, often with feelings running high. As the flip passed around, and tongues were loosened, thoughts of rebellion circulated more freely, until — night wearing on — our sturdy forebears, lighted by the twinkling stars, full of patriotism as well as New England rum, started for home. Could the "ordinaries" but speak, what marvelous tales they would relate!

The community center comprised the meeting house, the tavern and the village green — the humble log cabins clustering as near as possible for comfort and convenience' sake. Then, as clearings widened and more constant coming and going of travelers occurred, more rooms were demanded at the hostelry, and a second story was added with rooms that could accommodate the guests. The fire room with its low ceiling, crossed by summer beams — the cheerful blaze sending dancing shadows down the sanded floor — still remains. There gathered here on a stormy night the farmer, dressed in homespun, mingling hospitably with the prosperous squire; the parson, he, who tall and spare of figure, had quiet influence when political discourse became too heated.

Tallow candles sent up flickering flames, many of them being placed in front of metal reflectors hung

upon the wall, while, for heat, half a cord or more of dried maple or oak was ready at hand, piled at one side of the fireplace that it might replenish the blaze when the need arose. On the dresser stood a bowl of well brewed punch, served smoking hot, it being a favorite beverage that was never allowed to cool. Mugs of cider were heated before the fire, while around the room sat the welcome guests partaking of strong beer, flip, rum and brandy. Pumpkin and white pine were both used in the finish of the walls, occasionally oak or red cedar was employed, while the beams, softened and mellowed by smoke, imparted a quaint medieval air to the interior. Wide boards were used for flooring, which were sometimes sanded and strewn with rushes gathered from the brookside, or covered with pulled or braided rugs; made, so the landlord told us, by wives and daughters during leisure hours.

From the fire room we moved to the tap room — one of the most important parts of the house — for here gathered around the bar the colonists, exchanging yarns while calling for beer. It was a small room with a portcullis that opened and shut. Inside the bar, against the interior walls were sets of shelves, holding mugs, jugs and tappet hens. We spied in one corner a tall desk and were told that this was used by the transient guest for writing letters, or by the landlord in making out his bills. The chalk marks seen in conspicuous places represented delinquent scores and were not erased until the day of settlement. On the walls were still placed notices of important events, sales, and auctions where household goods were to be raffled off to the highest bidder. As the wind howled

that night, we ceased to wonder why our sturdy forebears braved the elements to seek good cheer at our tavern.

The "ordinary" first came into existence as a necessity. The General Court demanded a license fee of every landlord, non-payment of which meant a weekly fine. The Court also regulated the price of food and decreed that no meal, no matter the quantity or quality, was to be more than six pence; that is, until complaint was made by the landlord, who eventually was allowed to double the price.

As the settlements grew larger, the fire room was transformed into a Court Room. There were four sessions held each year, designated as "Quarter Session Courts," these being held by command of the Governor and his staff. These sessions created much interest in the community, for the colonists from adjoining settlements came to gather here that they might listen to the proceedings and gossip about them until the next court session.

Each session was opened by a court drummer who beat a tattoo, as a signal that everything was in readiness. Often magistrates living close at hand were allowed by law to act as judges. This was a most profitable day for the landlord, as everybody afterwards sat down to a liberal dinner, the dignitaries partaking of the repast at the expense of the General Court. There was game and fish aplenty, wild turkeys, killed and roasted in honor of the occasion. Each "ordinary" became famous for some particular dish or drink, the recipes of which had been handed down for generations. Among the favorite drinks were mulled wine, flip, egg

cider, and cider royal, together with ale, which was a favorite beverage and which, if partaken of between meals, cost one cent per quart.

Court over, a genial company gathered around the open fire to discuss politics. We gather that their tongues must have wagged freely from the combined effects of flip and the heat of the crackling fire. Then as the guests became drowsy they were escorted to their bedrooms where, if the night was cold, a warming pan had been passed over the sheets before the occupants were left to the consolations of a feather bed, drawn curtains and tufted quilt.

We became so interested in the customs of the early days, that, although the hour was late, we begged our host to go on, realizing that we were gaining much important information that would stand us in good stead when visiting other old inns, where perhaps little or nothing would be known concerning the early customs which were popular during tavern days. Our garrulous host, whose mind was steeped in romances of the past, needed scant urging to proceed.

In those days the "ordinary" was an exchange, a place where prices were quoted and public affairs aired. The landlord was a man of importance, mingling freely with his guests, and a general favorite, doubtless due to the fact that, owing to his position, nothing by way of news escaped his notice.

The landlord was appointed to fill many public offices, such as Collector of Taxes, Justice of the Peace, Sunday Constable and Moderator at particular gatherings. He was elected a recruiting officer during the Revolution; a most profitable office, as it brought men

of all ranks to the "ordinary," who, while there, partook freely of food and drink, while to the landlord was awarded the selling of supplies and uniforms to the regulars.

Women were sometimes appointed for this office, more generally widows of Revolutionary heroes, one of whom stands forth prominently in tavern history. She had charge of the Treadwell Tavern at Ipswich, Massachusetts, and was the great-granddaughter of Governor John Endicott. It has been handed down in the records of the town that she filled her office with the dignity that was worthy of her illustrious ancestor.

With the exception of Sunday there were few holidays in the community, but these few were looked upon as bright spots in the colonists' lives, particularly Election Day, which came during the first week of June, when all nature had donned its summer attire and the apple trees were in full bloom. So important was this event considered, that early in May, before the snow had melted from the ground, the housewife was heard beating her rugs as they hung on the line, putting her house in readiness for the day when the little community would be overflowing with guests.

When the auspicious day arrived, the entire household rose at dawn to set the house in order. Donning their Sunday best they proceeded to the meeting house, which was crowded to its limit. How the Parson shone on this occasion, not only airing his literary ability but his political views as well! The meeting ended, the procession filed slowly across the green to the "ordinary," where a public dinner was served. Plenty of food and drink was provided, and you may be sure that

even the most sedate of the colonists drank freely of the floods of ale and oceans of punch.

The Puritan Sabbath was not a day of festivity. It commenced at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, when all work was put aside and preparations made that all might be in readiness for the next day's service. How the youngsters dreaded this occasion, for, seated in a row on cushionless wooden settles with their little legs dangling over the sides, they were put through the "Assembly Shorter Catechism."

Bustle and confusion reigned supreme on the morning of the Sabbath, for it took time to get ready and the walk was long to the meeting house, which, in the early days, served duty as citadel and meeting house combined. As the landlord proceeded with his talk, we could almost see the family filing solemnly into the meeting house, hear the rattle of musketry and the clanking of scabbards, for by order of the General Court every man was compelled to come fully armed for fear of an attack by the Indians. As the flintlocks rattled against the hardwood floor, when stacked, it must have seemed more like an arsenal than a peaceful house of God.

For two hours the minister preached hell fire, after which the congregation, headed by the minister and elders, trooped across the green to thaw out before the open fire in the hostelry. We could well imagine how cheerful it must have been coming from the cold meeting house where, with the exception of the foot stove, the only warmth obtained was by clapping of hands and stamping of feet to promote circulation. We also realized how their tongues must have wagged as they

ate their dinners and drank their beer, brought to the tavern in some cases in well-filled saddle bags.

Every "ordinary" in those days had a sign either hung over the door or swung from a rustic pole at one side. This was necessary in order that the passing guests might know it was a tavern rather than a private home. It was an old English custom reproduced in this country, and landlords vied with one another to see who could design the most attractive one. There was a wide range of subjects on these signboards. They included religious events, political events, and animals, particularly the horse. Before the Revolution, British officers in uniform were common, of which the most popular was General Wolfe. So important were these signs considered, that they were handed down from father to son. If by any reason the license was taken away, the sign went with it, which was considered a great disgrace.

Some of these inscriptions were very amusing, as:

"Pause traveler here,
Just stop and think
A weary man
Must need a drink."

For a seafaring man how appropriate this one:

"Coil up your ropes and anchor here,
Till better weather doth appear."

A sign that hung over the old tavern in Georgetown, Massachusetts, is still treasured by a Boston physician. It represents a painting of General Wolfe in uniform. After the Revolution, as a party of regulars were marching through Georgetown on their way to Haverhill they spied this sign. Orders were imme-

diately given to halt and fire, both of which orders were carried out with a will. Their hatred for the General and the cause which he represented was shown by the sign; — it being literally peppered by their bullets, the marks of which show plainly to this day.

"Ye Olde Tyme Ordinary," reminiscent of old colonial days, is but a shadowy memory, most of them having passed into oblivion. With the going out of stage coaches and the advent of railroads, many of them closed their doors. No longer, our landlord told us, do we find them standing picturesquely by the wayside, or in close proximity to the ferry, their mission proclaimed by their swinging sign.

Fortunately, however, not all of them have gone. Occasionally we come upon them, with latchstring out, for these have not closed their doors since receiving their licenses in the seventeenth century. They stand in sequestered New England villages, along shady byways, bidding us welcome, and by their very picturesqueness inducing us to enter. Many have retained the old-time architecture, being low and rambling, while others have yielded to the demands of the twentieth century and have enlarged and modernized, but still retain their weather-beaten woodwork, mellowed with age.

Never before had we realized the picturesqueness and romance of old-inn history and we determined to spend our summer vacation hunting old "ordinaries" that still fling wide their doors; or seventeenth century houses with their romantic history, which now serve refreshments to the wayfarer who finds here many a fascinating story that has never before been told.

CHAPTER II

THE NORWALK INN

Early in the month of June, when the air hung heavy with the sweet perfume of roses, we started forth on a tavern trip, enthused by the fascinating tales graphically told by the jolly landlord when, storm bound, we rested in the silver-weathered inn. All winter long we had delved into legends concerning tavern life, reliving the fashions of those early days until steeped in its history we were lured to follow old Indian trails. These had developed into macadamized roads which we traversed guided by the banded posts, hoping that at each turn of the road we should discover an old inn that had withstood the ravages of time.

Tales concerning the old-time tavern days flashed through our brain, and in imagination we reclothed the modern roads with forest trees through which the Indian trails tortuously ran. Over yonder was the red man skulking through the forest, hiding behind trees as he stealthily watched the white man tread fearlessly onward, seeking a friendly tavern in the near-by settlement. Here the white man knew he would find a welcome as he mingled freely with familiar guests who, like himself, had sought solace from their humdrum existence by gathering with their fellow men.

One only was excluded, the wily Quaker, he who, bold and fearless of speech, dared not intrude lest harm befall him. He was studiously avoided, bereft of friends,

— that is, among those of Puritan faith. Yet he gloried in his persecution. We find him scorning punishment; laughing at whippings, and bearing with patience disfigurement such as the loss of ears. We visioned him on the Sabbath day boldly marching into the Meeting House to air his religious convictions; to literally fling his views at the minister and assembled congregation, as he denounced the Puritan faith. By so doing he made bitter enemies, partly through his defiance of their faith and partly for desecrating the house of God.

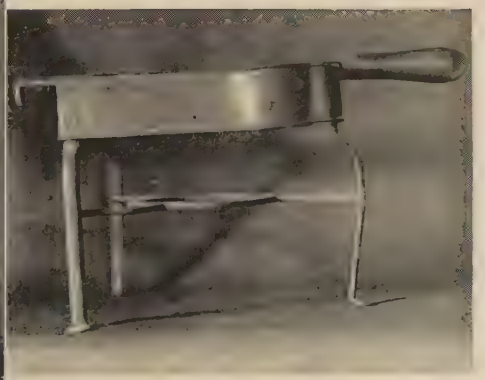
So bitter was the hatred against him that the General Court passed a law that the housing of a Quaker should be attended by a forty-shilling fine. This sum, we learned, was extorted from a compassionate Puritan, who, moved with pity, extended sympathy and financial aid to two weary, worn Quakers, exhausted with travel.

As twilight deepened we realized we were near our journey's end and about to enter the bustling city of Norwalk, Connecticut, where our first night was to be spent at the old-time tavern. It was a large square colonial building, representative of the architecture of that period, and stood near the principal street of the town.

Today Norwalk is a typical New England city, situated in the heart of the rolling county of Fairfield, Connecticut. When first settled in 1650, the original grant extended a day's walk from the salt water. Its name was taken from that of the Indian chief, "Norwake," from whom it was purchased. The settlement was composed of a small group of twenty log cabins built on either side of the river. Estates now run upward following the slope of a hill, which is today

OLD PEWTER

WATCHMAN'S LANTERN



FLIP STAND

SCENIC WALLPAPER

known as "Grummin's Hill," historic by reason of the fact that on the crest of the hill, the English officer Tyron gathered his troops and Tory friends in July, 1779, and gloated over the destruction of the town. This fiendish act took place just as the sun was rising in the horizon, the first house burned being located near Steamboat Wharf. The conflagration spread rapidly until eighty houses, together with other buildings, were destroyed.

At noon, when the sun hung midway in the heavens, the British effected a retreat, taking with them many of the Tories who, frightened by the vandalism, gladly left the town. Fortunately the Inn escaped destruction. It was built in 1775 and was a favorite resort of farmers as well as travelers who sought shelter and a night's lodging here. Often the tavern was crowded, for it was the market center after the buildings had been rebuilt. During the season when caravans filled with produce wended their way to the tavern, a night spent in the town gave the owners more time for the sale and delivery of their goods. During stage-coach days, lumbering stages drawn by four horses drew up before the hospitable door to disgorge their load of passengers. It took little imagination to repeople the old inn with the belles of the town mingling with the guests, as the fiddle scraped out "Money Musk" in the ballroom, which occupied, as it does today, the entire upper part of the "ordinary". We could almost hear the tap-tapping of feet as the guests cut pigeon wings, swinging their partners in the Virginia reel. Then again we could hear the sound of sleigh bells and the chatter of merry voices as sleighing parties drove in from the neighbor-

ing settlements; the stamping of snowy feet on the broad veranda, and the tossing of wraps to one side as the younger guests scampered up the wide staircase bent on pleasure.

This was not the only tavern in the town. We learned that Major Ozias Marvin had one farther up the road. This second tavern is still in existence, but has become a private house lived in by the great-great-grandson of the Major. General Washington wrote in his diary:

> "At Norwalk we made a halt to feed our horses. To the lower end of the town sea vessels come in and at the other end are mills, stores, a Presbyterian and Episcopal Church. The superb landscape, however, which is seen from the meeting house is a rich regalia. The destructive evidences of British cruelty are still visible."

We now drew up at the tavern door, a large square building around which many interesting legends were linked. It was little changed in architecture save that a wide veranda had been added to meet the exigencies of the times. We entered a long hallway with a colonial staircase extending to the upper-story floor, missing, however, the old scenic papers which we were informed had previously hung on the wall.

At the right was the old tap room, now used as an office; the only evidence of its former life being a large fireplace and a collection of flintlocks that might have done service in the old meeting house. Back of the tap room is the dining room, the living room opening at the left, the upper story being given over to bedrooms and the ballroom occupying the whole of the top floor.

Through the landlord we learned that when the Pilgrims landed from the *Mayflower* they came upon a party of Nauset Indians, who fled at their approach, leaving behind them many arrows. Upon investigation it was discovered that some of them were tipped with deer horns, others with eagle claws, while a few were brass-pointed, the metal being obtained from a French vessel that was wrecked upon the coast in 1616.

Upon viewing the collection of antiques, it seemed a most difficult matter, for there were so many specimens to choose from. Prominent among them were brass candlesticks. These we knew were used in the olden days to stand in rows on the wooden mantel, holding aloft the fragrant bayberry candle whose soft green coating mingled decoratively with the glow of the brass. Brass was treasured by the first settlers, especially kettles which hung on the soot-encrusted crane, as well as flip stands and old saucepans, which in those days might have been filled with water to be heated on demand.

The beauty of the metal and its capability of high polish attracted us. Many of the oldest pieces would be spoiled by a high polish, for the evidence of age appealed to the connoisseur because of suggestions of red, green or gold that gleamed out on the surface. Candlesticks were first chosen, as being not only decorative but practical, and with them was taken an old brass tray and snuffers. Doubtless all of these had been brought over in the old oaken chests which held the first settler's household goods. They had descended as heirlooms from mother to daughter, never parted with until today.

CHAPTER III

THE WAYSIDE INN

Our next stopping place we had decided would be the Wayside Inn, immortalized by Longfellow and standing forth in tavern history as one of the most romantic. Around it had been grouped innumerable legends, together with the names of distinguished guests from many lands. Leaving the busy, bustling city of Boston, Massachusetts, we followed the tree-shaded road that led on for twenty-five miles, passing through charming surburban towns until we entered the quiet village of Sudbury, Massachusetts, located on the main road that led to Worcester. It was such a delightful little town — years ago a bustling community which fell asleep with the passing of the stage coach and as yet has never awakened from its Rip Van Winkle nap.

How restful it was as we motored along the main street, stopping to inquire the way of the village storekeeper, he who was lounging on the threshold against the half-open door as he whittled, eternally whittled, just to pass the time away.

The country was charming, a rolling stretch of land broken by woodland that reached on and on, ending at the edge of the plain which was situated at the Peakham district at the foot of Hob Bridge. Sudbury — how this name thrilled us! We passed through rich grass lands, past the river that divided Sudbury in

two. Along the banks of this river, bright with wild flowers that grew along its banks, were willow trees, whose branches drooped over the surface, mirrored below in the clear water of the river. The road passed on, winding through charming vistas shaded by wide-spreading oaks.

Here in the early days many taverns sprang up, and during the Revolution the list of prices was small, as shown by an old menu that had been carefully preserved —

"1779

Mugg West India Phlip	15,
New England	12,
Toddy in Proportion	
A good Dinner	20,
Common Phlip	12,
Best Supper & Breakfast	15, (each)
Common	12,
Lodgings	4."

Eager to reach the Wayside Inn we pressed on, realizing that we were on the stage road that led to Worcester and that this was the fifth tavern on the post road, an easy day's journey from Boston, thus naturally attracting travelers. In those early days Sudbury was one of the largest towns in population.

Unconsciously we were nearing our stopping place, for as the road wound by wide-spreading oaks we turned suddenly to the right and for the first time viewed our destination, a rambling old tavern that was located a hundred yards from the highway, hidden by the screening of trees. These were planted to give a bit of privacy to the old-time "ordinary" and how effectively they carried out their purpose.

We stopped for a moment that we might enjoy the picturesque exterior, a charming old rambling house, broken by a hooded porch with a settle on either side, — a resting spot where one could enjoy the sweet perfume of roses that had clambered so audaciously over the roof. At the right we caught glimpses of the old-fashioned garden filled with flowers that perfumed the air. Opposite stood a small building which we afterwards learned housed two notable coaches.

Then we entered, anxious to learn of the legends connected with it and to see for ourselves the interior of the old hostelry made memorable by the late poet. Over the porch was a swinging sign, denoting the Red Horse prancing. It recalled Longfellow's poem:

> "Half effaced by rain and shine
> The Red Horse prances on the sign."

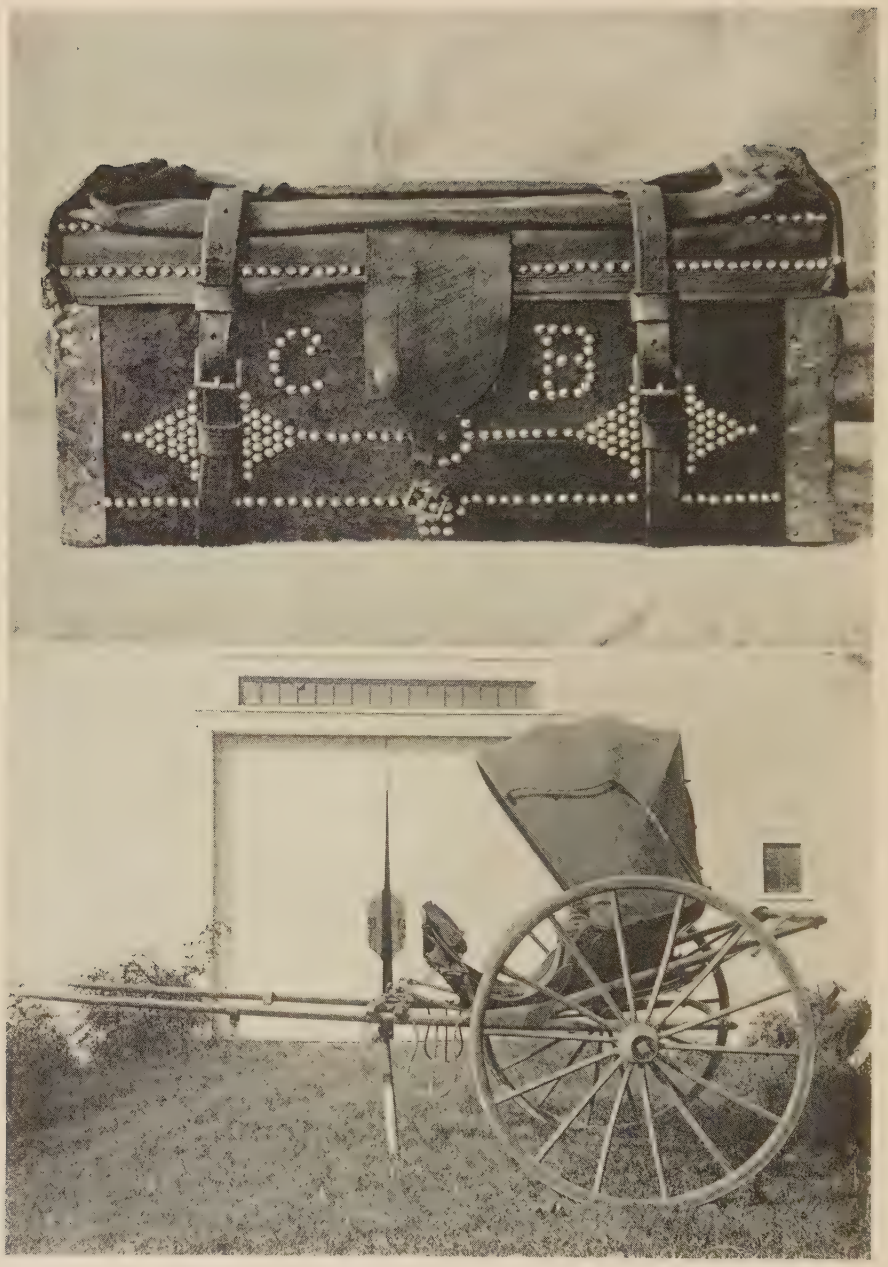
We passed under it, realizing that the Inn had been restored since the time it was spoken of as

> "A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall
> Now somewhat fallen to decay
> With weather-stains upon the wall,
> And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
> And creaking and uneven floors."

The hallway which we entered was a typical seventeenth century one, long, narrow and low studded. It was finished with a high-paneled wainscot over which hung a pictorial coaching wallpaper, most appropriate, as this is a favorite rendezvous of the Myopia Hunt whose headquarters are at Hamilton, Massachusetts.

We eagerly entered the tap room that we might compare it with the one we had seen in the silver-weathered inn of the previous adventure. It was a

WAYSIDE INN, SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS



Stage Coach Trunk
Molly Stark Chaise
COLONIAL TRAVEL

most picturesque room, the bar still standing opposite the door. Walls were sheathed in pumpkin pine, mellowed by smoke and age, the prominent feature in addition to the bar being the fireplace over which were hung cross swords, flintlocks and powder horn. A collection of old pewter is artistically arranged as a background to the bar. In imagination we peopled this historic room with a notable group who had gathered here — President Adams, John Hancock, Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Longfellow and his many intimates. From the window opposite the door we looked out upon the old-fashioned garden which encircled a bust of Longfellow copied from that which stands in Westminster Abbey.

From here we sauntered into the most important room of all, a typical colonial room where Longfellow and his coterie loved to gather. The cheerful blaze that crackled on the hearth doubtless inspired many of the thrilling tales that had been collected and published in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Over there was T. W. Parsons' favorite seat, he who translated Dante. Near by was the Sicilian, Luigi Monti, the familiar friend, Professor Daniel Treadwell, and Henry Ware Wales, a scholar of promise who had traveled much, occupied the opposite side of the fireplace — Longfellow having a seat as a central figure.

It was interesting to study the framed letters that hung on the wall, each one of which had been written by some member of this famous company. How fascinating were the two framed panes of glass that had formerly been in Molineux's bedroom, he who had walked beside the British troops to protect them from

insults during their stay in Boston. We discussed as to which one was the more interesting, both having been written with a diamond. One of them bore the following inscription:

"What do you think
Here is good drink
Perhaps you may not know it.
If not in haste,
Do stop and taste
You merry folk will show it."

While the other bore his name:

William Molineux, Esq.,
June 24, 1774.

Hungry after our long ride we entered the dining room, a large and cheerful room, originally used as a kitchen. It was here that Lafayette and Longfellow ate when they spent nights at the inn, and from the landlord we learned that when on his march to the celebrated Wadsworth fight, Captain Wadsworth sought refreshment here. We were handed afterwards, as we sat talking over our day's trip, an interesting document that had been used on August 7, 1775, including the whole expenses of a day's journey.

	s.	p.
Supper and Lodging	0—1	4
Breakfast and dinner	0—1	9
Supper and half mug of toddy	0—2	6
1 glass of rum	0—0	8
Horse journey (25 miles)	0—5	10

Here we had obtained the true tavern atmosphere. It was so reminiscent of the days when the inn had been enlarged and was a favorite resort for the stage-coach guests who spent nights here under the hospitable roof. Eager to explore farther we were taken

up the front staircase to visit historic bedrooms, more especially that in which Lafayette slept. Nothing had been changed since his visit, the fourposter with its hangings being the principal feature and close by a table upon which his breakfast was served. We noted a corner had been partitioned off for the use of the General's valet. Not so many years ago a grandson of the late General came to the old inn to occupy his grandfather's bedroom. The other one of note was Longfellow's favorite chamber, chosen by his granddaughter when she visited here on her wedding tour.

The old ballroom, which still runs across the entire upper story, was of interest, for it was the first time that we had seen one as large and complete as this. Opposite the door was a platform where the darky fiddlers sat while they reeled off old-time dance music — not only Virginia reels but contra dances as well. Wooden seats with hinges were on either side, used in those days to hold the wraps of the invited guests. Occasionally divine service was held here, the devout country folks descending to the dining room to partake of a meal after listening to the long sermon.

The first owner of this historic tavern was David Howe, an Englishman, who in 1700 was granted one hundred and thirty acres of land on which he built his mansion house now used for a hostelry. During the process of its building Indian raids were of constant occurrence and often the workmen were forced to flee for protection to the Garrison House, which stood not very far distant, a place of refuge for the settlers at times such as this.

Reverses of fortune forced the owner to use his

pretentious building as an "ordinary" and it was handed down from father to son for over a century. Many historic events have occurred here; during the French and Indian War troops took refuge inside its doors, and troops marching to the battlefield frequently halted here for refreshments. On market days one would view a long line of canvas-topped wagons traveling up the highway bound for the market place, but stopping here for refreshments which were served to both man and beast.

One of the landlords, familiarly known as Squire Howe, was a Justice of the Peace who so ably filled his right that the inn was known the country around as a "Gretna Green." This on account of so many runaway couples taking refuge here. Howe was an eccentric man, a bachelor most domineering in disposition yet sharing his prestige with his sister Jerusha Howe, — she of the bitter tongue who through her tongue lashing kept him in constant submission. Desiring an education, she studied at a boarding school and was given on her return a spinnet, the first one ever seen in the community. These facts made her popular among the country folk and also drew many guests to the inn, coming with the hope of hearing her play upon the new instrument.

The following morning, before starting upon our journey, we visited the little house just beyond, to view the state carriage in which Lafayette rode when he came to spend a night at the tavern, also Governor Eustis's stage coach at one time used by Daniel Webster.

Then we decided we would hunt up old lanterns, one of which caught our eye hanging just behind the

bar in the tap room. Plying our host with questions concerning their origin, we learned many interesting stories surrounding them, for instance that there were one hundred and fifty-eight varieties divided into four distinct classes.

First of all in prominence was the hand lantern, known by its long bale. Second stood the ship lantern to be followed by the bull's eye, a popular type used by the watchmen before streets were lighted, and the fourth, most decorative of all, is the hall lantern, one of which hung in the John Hancock hallway in Boston. These latter are often finished with panels of ornamental stained glass.

Of all that we found during our search the Paul Revere stood out most prominently. It is of the pinched or perforated lantern design, a kind that was used in England more than three hundred years ago. It takes its name from the fact that one of these was hung on the belfry of the North Church during the famous ride of Paul Revere to Lexington. They are made of tin, perforated with different designs resembling stars, crescents and scrolls.

Originally they were known as "Lanthorn," or "Lanterna," a Latin name now condensed to lantern. The studying out of the various methods of spelling was interesting, for few people realize the many names it has gone by since it first came into existence.

The watchmen's lantern stands out prominently in old tavern history. It was used in the middle of the seventeenth century, before the streets were lighted by men who had been appointed to guard the town, during the darkness of night. These walked abroad in couples,

studying every window that they might make sure lights were extinguished at right times, also to announce to the inmates the hour, adding "All's well."

On the poop or mast head of ships was hung the ship lantern, so placed to signal other ships that passed in the night. Charles Dickens was so impressed by their use that he speaks of them in his "American Notes," telling us that during a steamboat trip taken on February 2, 1842, he noted a round glass lantern held in place by a strip of brass.

The hall type were not in use until a later period and they were seen in the homes of wealth. Many of them are still to be found fitted up for the burning of electricity or gas.

In addition to the fun of hunting out these different antiques, we learned to our amazement the story of furniture, glass and china, many pieces of which are still found not only in colonial homes but those of modern-day architecture. It is the grouping of these old historic pieces with present-day designs that give to our house a most distinctive charm.

CHAPTER IV

WAYLAND INN

As we spun merrily along, we rejoiced in the fact that travel was not so tiresome as in tavern days and realized how the colonists must have welcomed the importation of sturdy Flemish ponies sent over in 1663. What a boon they must have been to the good wives, some of whom were noted horsewomen in their English homes!

From Sudbury we chose the smooth post road to Wayland, along enchanting valleys and over steep ridges. Rich farming land greeted us, and many notable estates where were observed the intermingling of the old seventeenth century dwellings with those of modern days.

In 1638 this settlement, Wayland, was set aside from Sudbury. About 1835 it obtained its present name from the fact that here President Francis Wayland of Brown University started a circulating library.

The rich farms of Wayland have attracted many prominent people, some of whom are developing their land along scientific methods, thus adding and not detracting from its original output. Conspicuous among these is a six-hundred-acre estate which was granted to Henry Dunster, the first President of Harvard College, near by a charming seventeenth-century house, the home of Captain William Jennison and familiarly known the country around as Jennison's Farm.

Our attention was next attracted to a colonial

mansion, which we learned was a replica of one of Bullfinch's designs, situated on the crest of Overthrow Hill, as the estate is known, and commanding a most magnificent view. The grounds are probably the largest in the vicinity, comprising one thousand acres of land.

There is a legend connected with a fascinating old house, known as the house of Samuel Russell, that became famous during Revolutionary days. The legend runs that should you pass by the ground at midnight you will distinctly hear the "clakety-bump" of old Mrs. Sampson's loom, which the people in the neighborhood claim has never stopped running.

That we might have time to wander around the grounds in close proximity to Wayland Inn, we registered for the night. Crossing the street, we investigated a small white building. This we learned had been preserved for sentiment's sake; formerly it had been owned by the late resident, Judge Mellen of the Court of Common Pleas, to house his law library. From there we visited the old training field which was a favorite resort for the militia in old tavern days. This plot of land had been purchased in 1726 by a Committee of the General Court in order that it might be kept intact and used hereafter for military maneuvers.

Shadowing the inn was a Bullfinch church, housing a Paul Revere bell. This had replaced the meeting house which formed a part of the triangular group in old Puritan days. We spent many hours in the old cemetery, where under the shadowy branches of the trees lay many a moss-grown grave of a Revolutionary hero. The records show that during the Revolutionary

WAYLAND INN, WAYLAND, MASSACHUSETTS

Petit-Point
Mourning
SAMPLERS

War more men from Wayland gave up their lives for their country than in any other town of its size in New England.

Wayland Inn, formerly known as Pequod Inn, was not the only public house in the little community, for another was opened in 1653 by John Parmenter. The farm is still in the family, although no deed had ever passed since the time it was granted to John Parmenter in 1638.

Pequod Inn, as it was formerly known, was established in 1771 and has never closed its doors. When first built, it was painted yellow in front and vivid red in the rear. Standing, as it does, on the main road that leads to the Boston market, it became necessary to erect at the rear a large barn with great doors opening at either end. This was for the better accommodation of horses, for the canvas-covered teams came here in large numbers for a night's lodging before passing on to take their place with others at the Boston market.

Washington chose the inn for a night's lodging when on his way to take command of the Continental Army in Cambridge, Massachusetts. This was in 1775 during the Revolutionary War, and doubtless he was accorded a hearty welcome, partly on account of his popularity and principally for his wonderful ability in taking command of untrained troops in the bitter fight against the British foe.

The Wayland Inn of today has been materially changed from that of olden times. Not only once, but several times, has it been remodeled to meet present-day emergencies. The wide veranda which has been thrown out, not only across the front, but at the side of

the inn, gives ample accommodation for guests, while ells added to the back provide plenty of room for lodging. The old barn has still been kept intact, the only part of the grounds that tells us of its early history. Modern influences have changed the interior, leaving little or no colonial atmosphere excepting the original fireplaces, which have been retained, and some of the fine old paneling. It stands today directly opposite the railroad station, making it available for the occasional guest. Being on the post road, it is also much frequented by tourists traveling from New York to Boston.

Samplers interested us, one of which hung on the wall. A lady's room was added to the first "ordinary" — a room fitted up with scenic paper, Chippendale furniture, old samplers and hair flowers. Learning that there were many samplers in the town and realizing that they were coming into fashion today, we visited many old houses the following morning.

The owners of this handiwork, some of which had been accomplished in the Dame School, told us many an interesting fact. Some dated back to Elizabethan times, rare examples being designed in France, Italy and Spain and without doubt made by the ladies in waiting in Queen Elizabeth's Court — experienced needleworkers who spent their leisure hours in designing original and wonderful patterns. Today, if you visit the museums, you will find many on exhibition, some prized on account of the exquisite needlework and marvelous patterns worked in colors, picked out from old tapestries.

In our country the first samplers were records of

stitches to be used in the marking of linen, as there were few, if any, pattern books in existence. They show no attempt at decoration and many of them were made by children at the early age of five years. This has been proved by the names and dates worked out on some of the oldest ones.

They varied in shape, which makes it easier to determine their age. The seventeenth century looms being narrow, necessitated the material being the same size. The material was either bleached or unbleached and ranged from coarse to finely woven, some resembling pillow-case linen. Gradually we find them with satin stitches and French knots added. The most conspicuous and interesting of all is the cushion stitch which, as its name implies, was used for the embroidering of kneeling cushions which were so popular in cathedral use. For material, linen thread and closely twisted silk were available, the latter ofttimes as fine as sewing silk. Silk went out of fashion at the end of the eighteenth century, being replaced by a fine untwisted crewel. For a period of one hundred and fifty years there was little variation in pattern, the colors principally employed being green, brown, pink and blue.

As early as 1643 the Adam and Eve pattern came into existence, very few examples of which are still to be found. The samplers of 1725 are more common. In that year mustard-colored canvas was fashionable, making an artistic background for the shades used. Here we find border treatment employed, as well as cunning little designs introduced between the rows of lettering. The central part of the sampler is given over to the name and date of making. During this

period great improvement was made, mottoes, texts and verses were introduced, surrounded by borders of roses, carnations or strawberries. The latter was a favorite design and, in a small exhibition of only thirty samplers, twelve showed this pattern.

Improvement in weaving about 1775 created a broader loom, thus giving more space for originality. At this period there came into existence, in the early part of the eighteenth century, an ugly moth-attracting material, familiarly known as "Tammy Cloth," "Bolling Cloth" and "Sampler Canvas."

Now we come to the elaborate era, during which the Lord's Prayer and, the Ten Commandments became popular. This period was in the early part of the eighteenth century. Many of the samplers depicted, in cross stitch, religious festivals. There is still in existence a most exquisite bit of "Petit Point" which originally belonged to President John Adams; embroidered on cream satin and protected by a handsome inlay frame. It is now used as a fire screen.

Memorial samplers such as were shown in tavern parlors are depressing. There is always a weeping willow and funeral urns. The upper part often is given over to embroidery in large and small letters. The urn and weeping willow form the central lower part, surrounded by vine borders. Mottoes were often worked out on them; mostly serious in tone.

One of these in black and white has the following motto:

"Earthly cavern to thy keeping,
We commit Eliza's dust,
Keep it safely, softly sleeping,
Till the Lord demands the trust."

Pictures were often introduced; one embroidered mourning piece which was worked by Eliza Gould has for an insert a "Doolittle" engraving in color. This is considered one of the rarest and most valuable of an interesting collection of samplers owned by Dwight Prouty of Boston, Since, in those days, few if any books had been printed showing designs for stitches and ornamentations, and realizing that their patterns would be used as copies, it became a matter of pride to put much time and thought into the making of this form of needlework. Every piece of linen was marked and numbered. Expert needlewomen accomplished this task and occasionally worked ornamental letters or even borders with strands of their own hair.

The study of a collection of samplers is like strolling through an old-fashioned garden where the colors are pleasant to the eye and the atmosphere of other days comes to us.

CHAPTER V

WILLIAMS INN

Every day brought fresh surprises, for we were constantly coming upon new surroundings. Often great meadows swept off on either side of the road only to be broken here and there by tiny, busy little streams that meandered along the woody hills and rocky ledges. Sometimes we came upon modern-day taverns nestled alluringly in by the side of a lake, tempting us to stop to spend a moonlight evening gliding over the smooth surface.

Marlboro, twenty-eight miles from Boston, sixteen east of Worcester, is a small town six miles in length, three in breadth and rising above the sea six hundred and fifty feet.

There were many cellars of old houses along the road picturesquely grass grown. During the terrible siege of King Philip's War, when Marlboro was the last place attacked, many of these had gone up in flame. Originally Marlboro was known as "Whipsufferadge" or "Whipsuppenicks" — Indian names taken probably from the chief or tribe of red men who inhabited the territory. It was first settled in 1656 by a group of colonists who originally lived in Sudbury. Today it is as it was in the early days; beautiful farms and orchards dotting the landscape as they did in stagecoach days at the junction of Assabet River and Stirrup Brook.

The Marlboro of today we found a bustling little

ORIGINAL WILLIAMS TAVERN, MARLBORO, MASSACHUSETTS
WILLIAMS TAVERN OF TODAY

LIVERPOOL WARE

Agriculture
Commerce

Puzzle Jug
National Liberty

city with a main street dividing it in two. Over the main street the stagecoach rattled during its infrequent passages through the town. Charming houses and lively stores are found in this little city and at the farther end we come upon the public library — historic by virtue of the fact that it was built on the site of Rev. Asa Packard's house. He was the first minister in the settlement, ordained in 1785, and many are the interesting stories that have been handed down concerning him and his life. For many years he lived a confirmed bachelor. Suddenly, however, being lonely, he advertised for a suitable wife. It ended in his marriage with Miss Nancy Quincy. Fortunately she proved a good investment and they lived very happily together until the time of her death at eighty years of age. He was an eccentric man, determined in all his actions, refusing at the time of their popularity to don a wig, although he did resort to knee breeches and buckles.

We visited Grand Army Hall that we might view a John Brown bell that had been brought here from Harper's Ferry. When this was cast it was proposed that it should be rung when any uprising of slaves occurred. When the slaves were freed, however, the bell lost its value, was considered of no account and sent to Williamsport, Virginia. After the Civil War, a few of the old veterans recalled its existence and succeeded in procuring it to be used as a memorial. It was then brought back in triumph to Marlboro and placed on its original site in front of the hall.

The sound of martial music and the tramp of soldiery attracted our attention as we came into

Marlboro, realizing for the first time that it was the Fourth of July. We visioned the old militia that gathered on the training field on general training day. What an important holiday this was for the citizens. So important was it that preparations were commenced weeks beforehand, the thrifty housewife hunting up the husband's uniform in order to brush it and burnish the buttons, knowing that an untidy uniform was considered a disgrace.

We could see the youngsters hustling through their morning chores after rising without call at the break of day. Then, pocketing a luncheon, they walked six, eight or ten miles to be on hand for the important occasion. The town was bustling with excitement, throngs of hurrying people, walking, riding in two-wheeled shays or sitting in farm wagons passed along the road. There were grandsires hoary with age, tottering along, leaning on a grandchild's arm. Sweethearts dressed in flaunting gowns eagerly watched their men as they came marching proudly down the street, preceded by the sound of drum and fife.

In the first period of the organizing of the old-time militia there were no uniforms, the men marching in coats of homespun, deerskin breeches and wearing blue knit stockings. Not for long, however, for soon every community was striving to outdo its neighbor by choosing effective colors for uniforms. This variation of color lent a sparkle and brilliancy to general training day. How important the boys felt when clothed in uniform, wearing wigs and cocked hats, they, too, came down the street, heads erect, shoulders thrown back, looking for all the world like little men in uniform.

At the farther end of the village we came upon Williams Inn, which was to be our next stopping place. While not architecturally interesting, it had a most fascinating history, for it has been linked with romantic legends ever since it first came into existence. The land on which it stood was purchased from the Indians by Lieutenant Abraham Williams in exchange for corn and wheat. The first "ordinary" was erected in 1650, the present one being a part of the original. It stood, as it does today, overlooking the lake, a picturesque stretch of water that gave additional interest to the old hostelry.

During the conflagration in King Philip's War this building did not escape and was partially burned only to be rebuilt the following year. The landlord chose well his location, for it stood by the side of the old post road formerly known as the King's Highway, a road that led from Boston to Worcester. The inn was one of three stopping places where changes of horses were made and guests were accommodated.

The route was extended on to New York in 1772. At that time it took three weeks to complete the journey. The stage drivers, who were a jolly lot of men, were most accommodating, taking their pay in bowls of flip which awaited them on their arrival. The old innkeeper had an eye for business and arranged a private signal with the driver, in order that he might become acquainted with the number of guests who would arrive at the "ordinary." When the stage had reached the crest of Felton's Hill, which lay directly opposite to the lake, the stage driver lifted his horn to his lips and blew a blast for every passenger, so that

when the destination was reached there was a smoking hot supper with an abundance of food.

The most notable day in the community was that on which President Washington was tendered an informal reception. This took place at the tavern, where he dined and rested for several hours before proceeding on his journey. On his approach, Captain Wright, accompanied by his regulars who were dressed in full regalia, started out from the hostelry to act as escort. Governor Hancock sent his aide down from Boston to extend the hand of friendship to the coming guest. Everybody in the community gathered in front of the inn, the rooms and veranda were filled with guests, many of the men being in uniform. The dinner was served in what is now known as the Indian room. This is a large dining room that stands at the back of the tap room on the right-hand side of the tavern. Today it is hung with a scenic wallpaper in which Indians hold a prominent place, the reason for this being that it was the only room unburned during the Indian raid.

General Lafayette was also a guest here and the chamber in which he slept is kept intact. The four-poster is a most valuable one, as it is constructed of buttonwood. This tavern was a favorite gathering place for the militia and it was here they assembled in 1775 when called to join their comrades in the Concord fight. The prisoners were brought here during the Revolution and confined in cells which are still kept untouched in the cellar — cells that had previously been used for law breakers on the plantation.

Lieutenant Williams was a very religious man, one

who took an active part in all sacred matters. Opposed to Universalists, he forbade their entering the meeting house. During his régime the "ordinary" was closed during the Sabbath Day that he and his servants could attend divine service both morning and afternoon. So rigid was he that not a single glass of liquor was allowed to be drunk from Saturday night until the sun went down on the Sabbath Day.

A genial man, one who extended a warm welcome to all his guests, he naturally was a great favorite and held a reputation for rendering impartial decisions when serving as judge at the time when Court was held at the tavern. His brother succeeded him when he had reached the age of ninety and served as landlord until he reached the age of eighty-four.

The inn itself was a large, square, unpretentious building, two stories in height and surrounded by balconies and verandas. It stood just back of the lake, with a smoothly shaven lawn in front, and there was about it a homelike aspect that tempted us to linger for a while on the veranda to watch the sunset cast its rainbow hues on the smooth surface of the lake.

A long hallway extended through the tavern, leading off at the right to the office, which was originally the Court Room where the prisoners were tried and sentenced. Back of it was the dining room, while a long room at the left acted as a living room, and here in the cool of the evening, as the wood fire sent flickering shadows over the old-fashioned furniture, we talked over the time when Washington and Lafayette were guests, and listened to the tales of long ago as related by the landlord of the inn.

Especially interesting was a historic house not far distant where originally lived, about 1700, Richard Barnes, Jr., with three of his family, none of whom married until the end of the century. They were an interesting but eccentric family, never changing their habits or dress during their long life spent together. Economical were the brothers; — jackets made so that they could be buttoned in front in summer and turned around to act as chest protector during the winter. Invariably they occupied the same places as they sat around the open fireplace; Mary taking the central chair, Jonathan sitting on the right and John on the left. They were very popular with the young people of the village, who never were so happy as when spending an evening inside the old seventeenth century home.

We chose to commemorate this visit with Liverpool pottery ware, on account of its being the first to show an American emblem. Liverpool pottery originated in the town of its name about 1600, and though in reality it was an imitation of a Dutch pottery, yet was it familiarly known as Liverpool delft. The first piece chosen was a puzzle jug showing three separate spouts, but so planned that it was impossible to drink from any one of them unless the other two were covered by fingers.

The second piece was what is familiarly known as the Liverpool jug. It was in reality a pitcher on which was depicted a sailor boy parting reluctantly from his lassie; above was an anchor, underneath a ship and this rhyme was also included:

"No more I roam,
I'll stay at home,

To sail no more
From shore to shore
But with my wife
Lead a happy, peaceful life."

Up to 1678 few pieces were in existence and those were known by their red and black coloring. After that period a better product was put upon the market and also new designs including shells, seaweeds, coats of arms and so forth. Pitchers always appeal, more especially those with ships in full sail. One of the first naval pitchers was the third piece chosen and underneath was printed:

"Success to the Infant Navy of America."

Without doubt those on which Washington had been selected as the subject were the most desirable, although many of them were such caricatures that it seemed almost impossible to distinguish him. This was after the Revolution when the national events and prominent personages connected with that uprising were depicted. Many of these pitchers are of sentimental value to New England families, for on them were printed ships in which some member of their family had sailed, it being a favorite gift brought back by Jack Tar for his sweetheart or wife. Many of the ship owners ordered their favorite vessels to be transferred to this pottery and it is those that are unpurchasable at the present day.

The Masons collect mugs to illustrate different phases of their society. Some of these were printed at the Worcester factory, while others were of such large size that one wonders how they were ever transported to our country. Occasionally we find verses printed on this type such as:

"We help the poor in time of need
The naked cloath, the Hungry feed;
'Tis our Foundation stone.
We build upon the noblest plan,
Where Friendship rivets man to man
And makes us all as one."

In the tavern of olden days every newcomer was invited to drink a glass of beer at the expense of the landlord. This was poured into what is known as a frog mug, showing on the outside a band of flowers in color. As the mug filled with foaming beer was raised to the lips and partially drained, a frightened look came over the face of the drinker, suddenly a green head leered out at him. It was a pottery frog, so like a real one, that it seemingly had dropped there and was trying to clamber up the sides.

We were told about a very wonderful collection of Liverpool ware that was housed in the manor at West Newbury. This was collected by the late Benjamin Perley Poore through the result of a visit to Sir Walter Scott at his home at Abbotsford where a proposition was made to him by the genial host to study old masterpieces in order that he might collect furniture, glass and china.

CHAPTER VI

THE WINSLOW HOUSE

The tempestuous wind that surged around us, causing us to draw our cloaks closer, brought with it memories of a winter day when the frigate *Rosa* dropped anchor in Boston Harbor. Word quickly spread from settlement to settlement, telling that the despot, Sir Edmund Andros, had arrived, and was even now, escorted by sixty redcoats, wending his way to the Boston Town Hall to usurp the reins of government.

This action caused a mighty uprising among the colonists, for the fearless hearts of our emigrant ancestors resented this action which planted a seed of rebellion that would later on bear fruit. Then Saltonstall of Ipswich, unable to endure it, aired his grievances publicly, for which he was arrested on September 20, 1687, and put under one-thousand-dollar bonds. This was the result of his opposition to the one penny taxation on the pound, a sum that had been agreed upon by Andros in order to help fill the British treasury.

What joy was felt by the colonists when word was received telling that William of Orange had already landed on English shores to depose King James from his throne. So great was the delight that a procession took place such as Boston had never seen before. Dinners were served to every colonist who attended, and when the curfew rang that evening not a household failed to kneel in prayer, giving thanks to God for

averting what threatened to be a terrible catastrophe. Thus ended the tax act, so thrilling in its nature that every gathering in the "ordinary" breathed rebellion.

But the little town of Marshfield had come into sight, and so filled was it with historic interest that we forgot the subject we were discussing in our eagerness to learn everything possible of the place. We knew that it was an agricultural district and that its strawberries were famous in the Boston market, for trucks were constantly passing us laden with crates of this famous berry.

We turned to the right as we passed the little station that we might motor through tree-shaded roads in order to view for ourselves the home of Marshfield's statesman, Daniel Webster. Webster was a progressive farmer, who lived during his latter life in the old colonial house which had replaced that burned down, and had added land to his grounds until he had some eighteen hundred acres.

Then we visited the little burying ground, pausing reverently to wander, studying the different inscriptions on the gravestones. Here we found where the first New England white child, Peregrine White, had been buried. Not far distant on a tomb was engraved the Winslow coat of arms. Underneath we deciphered the inscription telling us that here lay Governor Joseph Winslow, the first native-born governor of Plymouth Colony, with his wife, Penelope.

We pressed on to visit the Winslow House, where we knew we could obtain refreshment after our long, tiresome trip, and while being served could listen to its story; for this is not the original building, but a

WINSLOW HOUSE, MARSHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

SALT GLAZE SALTCELLAR SALT GLAZE PITCHER
DINING ROOM, WINSLOW HOUSE, MARSHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

later one, yet it is looked upon with great pride by the villagers, standing, as it does, on the site of the first weather-beaten house, erected in the seventeenth century.

There are many features of this present-day house that are full of interest, it being built fronting a meadow, as was the custom of that day, and commanding a magnificent view of the sea. The grounds around it are kept laid down to grass, with no pretense at a garden. It is a charming building, well worthy the housing of such a governor as Winslow. It is finished with a pitched roof and a central cluster chimney, showing windows with twenty-four panes of glass, of a size that was necessary in the olden days when glass was expensive. In front is an enclosed portico with a paneled door. The mellow silver gray of the exterior blends artistically into the soft green of its surroundings, yet gives to it a dignified as well as a homelike appearance.

Honorable Isaac Winslow, son of the Governor, was a wealthy gentleman. It was he who built, on the site of the first-period house, a replica of the original. There is one exception, however, which gives a different appearance to the finished whole, and that is the extension which connects the house and barn.

There was a reason for the change in the appearance of the rooms, some of which were modeled by the grandson of the Governor — General John Winslow — and these do not date back definitely to the 1765 period, for each owner had his own ideas of what was correct in the restoration of the original homestead. Bear in mind that General Winslow had just returned from the task of driving the Acadians out of their home at Grand

Pré. Probably, while in Nova Scotia, he was inspired by the country architecture and linked it with the original in the building of this home.

Originally the ceilings were not finished, showing the summer beam rough with the touch of the adze. Today many of them have been plastered over, and some of the walls exhibit the panels so prevalent in the Georgian period, which were not found until about the middle of the eighteenth century. This made it possible to conjecture that with advanced ideas on the subject of architecture, Isaac Winslow built and furnished this homestead in the second-period style. This theory is favored by the Association, who feel that the house was built probably about 1700.

The restoration of the old Winslow house, which was rapidly falling into decay before it was taken over to be used as a historic house as well as one where meals could be served, was the work of three competent colonial students. Passing from room to room, no more interesting study can be imagined than that of determining where the Pilgrim period appears and that of the Georgian.

Great care was taken in the restoration, even to the removal of three separate brickings before the original fireplaces were revealed. Particularly is this found in the old kitchen, where the rough beams and the summer beam are retained, as well as the wide floor boarding which was a feature of the first period. The dining room carries us back to about 1699, for here we discover the early type of interior, a note of color being imparted by the hanging of bunches of yellow corn in one corner.

In the front of the house, particularly in the parlor, we find superb examples of architecture, more especially depicted in the doors, which are twenty-four inches wide with two raised panels. This is representative of the Georgian period, proof of which is found in the fine paneled woodwork, which was probably placed here by some member of the family as early as 1756; the fireplace with its surrounding of Dutch tiles has inside of it a rare old fireback showing a representation of the Boston fire.

All through the house we find a rare collection of consistent furniture and on the floors are some of the finest pulled rugs that it has been our good fortune to come across. One of them particularly interested us, for it was as large as an art square, covering the central part of one of the rooms. It was impossible to wander through this fascinating old house and not get a good idea of what was used in the different periods.

The tea room where luncheon was served was in the seventeenth century furnishing, and the menu exemplified as far as possible the food that was served in tavern days. Here we found it possible to make a study of salt glaze. We learned that it came into existence through the Eler brothers, who settled in Staffordshire after the Revolution of 1688. After a sojourn of many years they left there in 1710, to sequester themselves in the forests and secretly carry on the making of a most distinctive pottery; — a red ware, only a few pieces of which are still in existence. We learned that later on they discovered a secluded place, close by Bradwell Wood, and here they erected their small workshop and kiln to carry on the making

of salt glaze. This is probably one of the oldest wares in existence, and on account of its fragility difficult to import. The pieces we sought we were fortunate enough to discover — red, mottled and cloudy, or black and yellow, all three exceedingly rare.

The white was probably the most common, and in such demand that there was no difficulty in keeping the workmen busy, not only those who lived in the home town, but in the neighboring villages as well. We were fascinated with the legend of its discovery, being told that it was probably due to an accident. A careless servant spilled over a pot of brine, only to discover, when the pot was cold, that it was covered with a bright glaze.

Salt glaze can be divided into four distinct periods, the first ranging from 1685 to 1720; the second, during which it took on a crisp white salt glaze, covering a period of twenty years; after which, for twenty years more, colors were introduced, while from 1760 to 1780 it took the form of pierced pieces and basket-work.

Great pains were taken in perfecting its white exterior and adding to it delicacy and finish, for the better this was done the more chance there was of rivaling the porcelain made in the works at Burslam and Chelsea. This rivalry increased when the process of enameling, hitherto used only on porcelain, was introduced at Staffordshire. Enameling was introduced by two Dutchmen who understood the enameling of white salt glaze to represent the Dutch style. This fact led to its great popularity. One reason for this was that the touches were laid on in a broad and

effective way that lent to it a charming appearance. The rarest of all are the red pieces.

To discover original pieces, we were told that three colors only were used; a rich transparent blue due to the use of cobalt; a dark brown caused by using iron; and very rarely, through the use of manganese, a charming dark color was obtained.

Teapots, tea caddies, — the latter often in the shape of houses and ships, — were made, as well as figures and statuettes. These latter were mantel ornaments; one showing Falstaff is still found in the Art Museum at Boston, Massachusetts. Manufacturers' marks are rarely discovered, which fact makes it almost impossible to determine to which period any piece belongs. All we know is that the first ware was coarse and brown, the second gray, while at the close of the eighteenth century a white or practically white body was used, thin and graceful in shape.

The prices vary; some pieces cannot be bought for less than a hundred dollars, while others do not bring more than from fifteen to twenty-five, varying with the decorative value and workmanship. Reproductions have been made of this salt glaze, but they can easily be detected as they are not as fine and delicate as the originals.

CHAPTER VII

THE MOTOR CAR INN

The little village of Dennis, which we were nearing, is located on the north side of Cape Cod. All along the route were little hamlets strung like a necklace of pearls along the shore and inland, for a "town" at Cape Cod means a dozen or more houses grouped together, each one adopting an English name to replace the Indian one.

Smooth roads have replaced the rutty sandy ones and they crisscross off in every direction as if beckoning us to explore them. Half hidden behind dense foliage one caught glimpses of weather-beaten windmills standing picturesquely with idle arms, for their days of grinding had ended. All along the way we met friendly people who have married and intermarried. So many uncles and aunts dwell together in the little communities that it seemed as if they were one large family, extending a warm welcome to every passing guest. Inside many of the old seventeenth century houses we found touches of the old sea captain's life, and in the upper story the actual curve of the ship cabin had been reproduced and there were slight unevennesses in the setting of the door.

Ghosts of many an ocean tragedy hover along the coast. Here, high out of the reach of waves, during a northeaster one can watch from one of the dunes the waves as they rise mountain high, thundering against

the drifting sand, mercilessly forming it into deep bays and drifts by their constant beating.

These sand dunes are frosted over with yellow lace of poverty grass intermixed with pink lupin. Far to the north lie the glittering waters of the bay and beyond are deeply wooded hills. There are tangles of bushes along the wayside; poplar trees and willows shade the road, lending to it a whimsical charm. Cape Cod, with its light and shadow, its sand dunes and marshes, is well worth a visit.

South Yarmouth lies on the southern slope of Cape Cod. It is a charming little summer resort where many an old-fashioned fisherman's house has been "flaked," brought across the river and set up to do modern-day housekeeping of its own. They are fascinating little houses, these seventeenth century structures, built during the days when fishing was the principal industry and the settlers depended upon the finny tribe for existence. Many of them are surrounded by little old-fashioned posy plots, sometimes only a border.

At Dennis, Massachusetts, "The Sign of the Motor Car" tells us the mission of one of these old houses that is now converted into a hostelry, yet keeping the home atmosphere, just as it did in old colonial times when taverns formed a part of the settlement. The old house with its large central chimney was built in early colonial times, and stands, one half looking at the hills and the other half over the broad valleys. Close by are the woods which in early days were vast forests reaching to the very door.

Down the slope one views old pasture lands and in

the fringe of the coppices is a blue haze of wild violets. The inn itself is a perfect bit of architecture, subtly blending into its surroundings and breathing hospitality and comfort to the weary guests.

The little house stands by the side of an excellent state road that extends all through the Cape, and nothing has been done to change over the charming architecture. Even the windows showing twenty-four panes have been retained, but they have been altered by the addition of green blinds. Stone steps, rough but natural in their formation, lead to the colonial door with its simple framing and paneling. There is the brass knocker which was brought over in the old oaken chest when the first ancestors landed on the sandy shore.

There is white woodwork in the interior, and beautiful paneling, a double dentil molding extending across the front of the house. The windows are guarded during the nighttime by old-fashioned wooden shutters. On either side of the cavernous fireplace are china closets, inside which are stored choice old pieces, brought home doubtless in the early days by sea captains who were constantly venturing in foreign lands. Often they brought back wonderful chinas and silks, many of which are still shown in the houses of their descendants.

The tea room was in reality what is familiarly known as the big common room, and the tables were of different sizes to suit the varied parties who were constantly coming here for lunches or dinners. The furnishings displayed consistent pieces, and rag mats were on the wide board floor. Gate-legged and tavern

MOTOR CAR INN, DENNIS, MASSACHUSETTS
REMODELLED CAPE COD HOUSE

COLONIAL FOURPOSTER BEDS

tables, together with Windsor chairs and slat backs, old Empire sofas, and charming secretaries were in the different rooms on the entrance floor. In the upper story were fourposters covered with hand-made linen, bordered with fine ball fringe, the same material being used for the draperies.

Here we learned that fourposters were used in our country as early as 1750, often being imported from England, Holland and France.

The material used for draping was hand-spun, often repeated in not only the hangings but the window curtains. Dressing the bed depended upon the type, and consisted of linen, homespun, chintz and often patchwork quilts which were made in the family.

Walnut was used before Sheraton's day. Sheraton and Heppelwhite introduced mahogany. These beds were carved in plain, twisted, curled, octagon, or pineapple pattern. They were made not only of mahogany but also of cypress and sycamore.

The Chippendale bed we discovered could easily be identified by its tall slender posts, often elaborately carved. We learned that one of these was in the Saltonstall house at Haverhill, Massachusetts, each post being ornamented with an eagle. The Sheraton was simpler. In the Heppelwhite, which came in about 1789, the lower posts, slender at the top, showed much less carving than those Chippendale designed; but with the coming in of the Empire type the posts grew larger, more richly carved, often showing acanthus leaves, and being topped with pineapples.

The fourposter means in reality a large bed with four high posts, sometimes low ones, the former being

draped with hangings, a necessity in icy-cold houses where the sleeper needed protection. We found among the records that the dressing of a bed such as this caused more trouble and more expense than the bed frame itself, owing to the fact that there were hangings, quilts, coverlets and feather beds to be added.

Blue and white linen spreads in addition to the white were often woven by our great-grandmothers. Sometimes it meant a quilting bee to which neighbors were invited. The frames were placed in the center of the room with the material tightly drawn ready for quilting. The colonial dames, gossiping delightfully, stood themselves on the four sides of the frame, working out patterns which had been marked in chalk. At six o'clock the men of the community came in and sat down to partake of the good things provided. The table fairly groaned under its load of food, which consisted of baked beans, brown bread, chicken pies and pandowdy. A merry dance finished the quilting bee, one of the festive occasions of that day. Often this merrymaking took place in the tavern, the material being brought hither by the colonists.

There were many patterns used: diamonds, suns, roses and leaves, ferns, and even waving plumes. Sometimes gay English chintz was cut up and applied on the coarse white linen. Many pieces used were dyed with herbs gathered from the woods, the knowledge of right mixtures being obtained from the Indians.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LESLIE INN

Longing for a breath of ocean air and filled with the desire to see for ourselves the New England coast of which we had read so much, we decided that Marblehead would be our next stopping place, an old historic town that had the charm of fishing days, it being a seaport community, settled by emigrants from the Channel Islands about 1629.

This unique township is situated in the southeast corner of Essex County, sixteen miles northeast of Boston, and is now a favorite rendezvous for yachts, making, when at anchorage, a city of masts in the placid landlocked harbor that separates Marblehead from its daughter across the way, familiarly known as "the Neck." As we drove along the crooked streets where the old houses were irregularly placed, they seemed to speak to us, so intimate was their connection with the main road.

We found it a most fascinating place, a labyrinth of byways that ran hither and thither, often ending nowhere. There were houses connected with mystery; legends of thrilling adventure, for pirates and sea heroes frequented this rock-bound coast. The former loved to gather at the old Fountain Inn, spending money so plentifully that they were finally arrested.

This old inn has long since departed. There is still in existence the well from which Sir Harry Frankland

drank when he met Agnes Surriage. The pirates, however, were not the only ones who visited the old inn, for during the days of its popularity no salt came into port but what he wandered here on his old sea legs, knowing that a glass of grog awaited him and a merry time within.

St. Michael's Church naturally held the most important place in our minds. We had read that it was built in 1714, paid for by subscription, one third of which was deposited when the timber was on the spot, one third when the building was covered and the rest upon its completion. It was one of the quaintest churches we had ever visited, although today it is far different than when first erected. The pulpit stood in the center of the northern side and was of the wine-glass pattern, a sounding board above and a reading desk below. When the news of the Declaration of Independence was received, the citizens flocked to the church, broke open the door, and rang the bell until they cracked it.

It seemed almost impossible to pick out the historic places, for every inch of ground seemed linked with patriotism and fascinating tales concerning the former occupants of the houses. From here we visited the town hall, which might be well termed Marblehead's Cradle of Liberty, for proof has been obtained that in the loft of this building instigators of the Revolution held secret sessions and Glover recruited his famous regiment. There is a house named for him on one of the principal streets. Originally it was surrounded by a fence, on the posts of which were mounted gilded eagles, which gave to it the name of Eagle House,

LESLIE INN, MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS
COTTAGE FIGURES

John Gilpin's Race

Reversible Soldier and Sailor Boys

COTTAGE FIGURES
PASTORAL COTTAGE FIGURES

and back of the old colonial building was a charming old-fashioned garden. We visited the house and admired the broad hallway with the wide stairway that led to the second story, and while here we learned that often during inclement weather the famous regiment was, as far as possible, drilled there.

Naturally the two Lee mansions could not be passed by unnoticed; the one least known was directly opposite Abbott Hall, and was occupied by Colonel William Raymond Lee, an intimate of George Washington, who in return for the hospitality shown him while visiting there sent to the gallant colonel a miniature of Mount Vernon painted in gold and sepia on a background of glass.

Farther down the street was the Jeremiah Lee House, a magnificent building said to have cost more than any in town. This is now used by a historical society. The slave house in which his servants lived is today used as a store.

Fronting the harbor were many old seventeenth century houses that had stood out prominently in the history of this grand old town, and, as we stood overlooking the landlocked harbor, we imagined it with the ships sailing to the Grand Banks, where many a gallant seaman lost his life. They were a hardy race of sailors who put out from port, rounding the point and sailing on, past Half Way Rock where they always halted to throw a penny for luck!

Overlooking the quiet waters of the harbor with the summer city at Marblehead Neck for a background, we stopped at the Leslie Inn, attracted by the square posts topped with colonial urns which we were told

came into use after the death of Washington in memory of those over his grave. The swinging sign also attracted us, for it depicted Colonel Leslie dressed in the uniform of his day. Both of these facts, together with the colonial exterior, tempted us to explore the charming old inn.

As we entered the hallway we noticed the fine colonial stairway with its mahogany balusters and treads, set off by the white risers, also the large square rooms that opened off on either side, with walls finished with fine old wainscoting, so appropriate for a house such as this.

Modern-day improvements had wiped out many of the old-time surroundings and yet, as we passed from room to room, studying where the old left off and the new commenced, we felt repaid for our visit. The exterior, with its hip roof and dormer windows, and a large cluster chimney rising at one side, bespoke the historic past, but the addition of an ell marred the feeling that it was a typical example of the colonial days. Originally, we learned, it was a lean-to, known as the Russell House and incorporated into the present-day building. This was built in close proximity to the Custom House which stood only a stone's throw away, a place where the old sea captains came, stopping on the way to visit Brother Russell.

Sitting on the wide piazza, viewing the many beautiful yachts that floated in the harbor, we listened to the numberless tales told us concerning the early days of settlement, — days when Moll Pitcher lived in the "Old Brig," she who was the fortune teller of Lynn, doubtless inheriting a love for mystery from her father,

old John Dimond, who, according to the old-time stories, guided ships into port on dark and stormy nights by standing on the crest of the hill in the cemetery and shouting directions.

In one of the old shops we found a rare collection of cottage ornaments such as were used on the mantel of the old tavern in early days. They carried us back to the time when they stood on the shelf in English cottage houses. They were the work of men who showed little original talent, yet quite a number of them were of great interest. They ranged from pastoral figures to historic ones; from woolly dogs to rude figures of animals decorated with lines, spots and splashes of slip, — a type of cottage figure most eagerly sought after by the collectors of today. Particularly interested were we in a well-known group of "Vicar and Moses," and on learning that this was one of the earliest pieces we were very eager to obtain it. The second step in cottage figure development is seen in the well-known statuary productions copied from those pieces of ware that can be found in Westminster Abbey.

The first cottage figures were known as Slip, rude figures of animals decorated with lines, spots, and splashes of slip, contemporary with agate figures; in reality a mixture of different colored clays brought to perfection by Whieldon and Wedgwood. Cats in different shapes and sizes, as well as figures of women and children, were included in that period work. The second step was red clay with buff, occasionally ornamented with spots or drops of white slip. An interesting product of that time which has been preserved in the South Kensington Museum, is the figure of a piper wearing

a wig. This piece was in all probability manufactured by the elder Astbury somewhere between 1736 and 1743. These figures were generally diminutive, rarely more than six inches in height. They were followed by the Whieldon period, when glazed and polished pieces in tortoise shell were discovered, — perfect bits, such as a poet six inches only in height and yet clad in a doublet and hose. Another specimen showed an actor with a flowing mantle thrown around him and his right hand resting on his belt. This was a marvel of size, being only five and a half inches high; probably the most curious that we have record of showed a man sitting on a rhinoceros's back, the coloring being blue and brown glaze.

Unfortunately, the first pieces were unsigned, for in those days little thought was given to the matter, until Ralph Wood, who was born at Burslam in 1716, dying in 1762, realized its importance and stamped his name on all his productions. They were numerous and interesting, particularly the one which was a caricature of a parson and his clerk returning home after a prolonged carousal. His son, Ralph Wood, is said to have copied from a Chelsea Derby model many of his pieces, among them being Old Age, — a beggar leaning upon sticks, — also a couple of figures consisting of a young man holding a scythe while a woman held back a barrel. Every piece that he made had some particular interest, especially his toby mug, which showed a man seated with a jug in his left hand and a pipe in his right. Under this was inscribed, "It is all out, fill him up again."

There was the design of an elephant with a castle

on its back, which had for its occupant a monkey, forming the knob, while two serpents were intertwined for the handle. Wedgwood grew interested in the designing of cottage figures, one of his productions showing a figure of a lion with four paws resting upon a globe. With him came into existence enamel coloring with marble plinth, bearing strong family resemblances to the classic original, which stands on the steps of the Loggia dei Lanzi at Florence.

Busts came into vogue during the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century. Among them are still in existence representations of Shakespeare, Milton, Napoleon and Frederick the Great. There are also facsimiles of preachers, including Wesley and Whitefield.

Many of the smaller cottage ornaments were made for use, such as a country boy in red trousers, blue coat, yellow vest and hat, that served as a pepper shaker, Napoleon with his cocked hat, John Bull and even Franklin being used for this purpose.

CHAPTER IX

THE WASHINGTON TAVERN

The historic city of Salem was settled on January 12, 1626, and has a most interesting history. The first Governor, John Endicott, whose name has been handed down with veneration, soon became one of the most notable men of the community. Shortly after his arrival he systematized building, by laying out the town into house lots.

The commercial history of Salem, one of the most brilliant episodes in her eventful life, and one to which she owes great wealth, has as yet been practically unwritten. Yet it marks a never-to-be-forgotten era in the annals of the city. Strong men, and plungers, by their ventures caused money to flow into Salem and added much to the building of stately houses,— houses that had been noted throughout the whole country for their splendid architecture. Credit for this should be given to the wood carver of Salem, Samuel McIntire.

Prominent among the old historic houses, stands out the Pickering house, located on Broad Street. This was built on land purchased from Emanuel Downing, sold, so the legends tell us, to pay for the commencement dinner of Sir George Downing, who graduated from the first class at Harvard. John Pickering built here a house in the Elizabethan style of architecture. This has never gone out of the family and is now in the possession of John Pickering of the tenth generation.

Hawthorne, the author, is closely connected with Salem because of his many delightful stories, prominent among them being "The House of Seven Gables." The subject of this story was suggested by his cousin, Susan Ingersoll, during his many visits at the old historic mansion.

There were other houses in the city also intimately connected with his life, — the home of his birthplace, which stands on Union Street, the old home on Chestnut Street, as well as the Manning house on Dearborn Street in North Salem where he was a frequent guest.

The old Custom House, guarded by the golden eagle which stands on the top of the building, tempted us to enter to glean from the past events in Hawthorne's life with which we had familiarized ourselves.

From here we drove around the old training field now known as Salem Common, delighting in the large square houses built in the early part of the nineteenth century by merchants. The most interesting of all was the Andrew-Safford house with its stately columns rising at the rear; these are said to have been filled with rock salt to keep the timbers from rotting.

Then there was the Salem Club, once owned by John Forrester, a prominent merchant, and afterwards by Joseph Peabody, whose vessels are said to have circumnavigated the globe. Chestnut Street next attracted our attention, and as we passed under the arching trees we studied the continuous line of houses on either side, each one of which showed fine architecture and delightful porches. Behind them we knew were many of the old-fashioned gardens that were a delight to our

great-grandmothers, years ago when they drank tea in the green arbor.

One tavern, now hidden from view by intervening stores, still retains its historical interest. This is familiarly known as the Washington Tavern, the General having spent the night there on October 29, 1789. This was during his journey through New England and was a most memorable event. The militia of the town under Colonel Abbott, joined by a regiment from Lynn and the horse from Ipswich, together with the Independent Company and Artillery, formed a notable group.

The Washington Tavern was owned by Joshua Ward, a large real estate owner who purchased the property, then a private residence, from Joseph Blaney, and it is said that George Curwin, High Sheriff of Essex, lived here in 1692, dying four years later. On account of his connection with the witchcraft period, public feeling turned against him so bitterly that after his death the family dared not trust his remains to the tomb, but had them buried in the cellar of the house.

There was another tavern that should not be passed by in Salem's history, one that has had a most eventful life. It is the Essex House, which was at one time the home of William Gray. During the occupancy of the original owner it was the scene of lavish hospitality until fourteen years later he was forced to sell on account of exorbitant taxes.

The tavern, owned by Prince Stetson, the first landlord, was known as the Essex Coffee House. It is now known as the Essex House. This was a stagecoach

WASHINGTON TAVERN, WASHINGTON STREET SALEM MASSACHUSETTS

CHINA CUPBOARDS

rendezvous, the halfway house between Newburyport and Boston, and until remodeled showed old stage rooms used by guests, small and plain in finish. That of today is a combination of old tavern and modern-day hospitality and the famous dining room, where many banquets have been held and affairs both military and civil discussed, is now a thing of the past.

Salem suggests the old-time china closets, for here they were considered an important feature and many are still treasured in the large square houses that line Essex Street. These were no afterthought, built, as many are today, across one end of the hallway, closets in which to hold household belongings, such as wraps, rubbers and so forth; rather were they intentional, and the builder of them knew well his responsibility and acted accordingly. New England housekeepers in those days regarded them as a sacred trust and kept the polished keys hanging from the girdle.

These closets possessed the charm of the unexpected, for one never knew when one would come upon them. Tall and narrow ones lurked beside the fireplace, low and chubby ones above it, while occasionally we came across a secret closet, let in to the paneling for the keeping, possibly, of firearms or rare old china. We could imagine with what great solemnity the children were allowed to handle Salem's treasures of china, silver or glass.

On the shelves there stood what we find today in many of the modern houses, — wonderful old blue Canton china, heavy at the edges and impossible of manufacture at the present time, — at least in the same daintiness as that brought over in the cumbersome

ships when commerce was at its height, — Lowestoft of innumerable patterns, rare old decanters, companioned by flip glasses, and blue Canton jars in which were stored away nimble cakes so dear to the Salem ladies' hearts.

Out of the shadows of the past, as we visited the House of Seven Gables, came the memory of the keyed-arched china closet with its shell pattern decoration. This is still retained by Miss Emmerton and was built during the days when there was an air of ceremony and dignity surrounding it, for then it was a home where little ones were never allowed to visit without their parents. We imagined them sitting in the straight-back chairs, their little legs dangling into vacancy as they contemplated the quaintly arranged dishes that stood, like little soldiers, thin and precise on the mantel.

It was of this delightful cupboard that the children always spoke of as "hollow,"— it being shaped like an apse. Inside are still retained the six semicircular shelves on which glittered old glass, together with Lowestoft.

The shell pattern cupboard is the most desirable, and most often found in the old seventeenth century houses.

The builders of old Georgian houses realized that by the addition of these corner cupboards they gave increased decorative dignity to the room. Of this fact the architects of today are taking advantage. They realize that the scalloped, curved and coved tops, often showing projecting posts, display to better advantage the rare old treasures placed inside.

There is a great variety in the glass doors which

kept dust from heirlooms; sometimes they were designed with tiny diamond-shaped panes set in lead. Again they showed oblong pieces of glass often ornamentally arranged at the top. There is one still shown in the old Brown Tavern, which was formerly an inn, now used as a summer residence in Hamilton, Massachusetts. This is most unusual, there being panels of wood on the two lower shelves in addition to the shell ornamentation. Originally this was known as the John Hancock tavern, one of the stopping places between Portsmouth and Boston.

Chippendale designed some of these closets, one of them being in the General William Spaulding house at Nashua, New Hampshire. This is surmounted by a broken arch, flanked on either side by colonial urns. Another very interesting one is in the Abraham Adams house at Byfield, Massachusetts. In it are pieces of china brought there by Ann Sewall Longfellow, daughter of the first Longfellow.

Another old house in close proximity treasures a wonderful corner cupboard where every shelf shows old family pieces, some of which were owned by Lieutenant-Governor Dummer, whose summer home was near by.

They first came into existence centuries ago, when they were known as "almeries," or "ambries," — niches introduced by the side of the altar in cathedrals and employed for the holding of sacred vessels. Cupboards were also in use in many of the old English mansions and we find them imported today, often displaying wonderful workmanship. Not all were white, many being of mahogany, but each was constructed of the same material as the wainscot.

It is the combining of the old style with that of the new that gives to them additional interest. The dilapidated old china closets, many of which are passing into history, are renewing their life by means of the reproductions that are now used in twentieth century homes.

CHAPTER X

THE BERRY TAVERN

Our route lay along historic spots, for originally Salem included Danvers, four miles distant. It was here that Governor Endicott settled in 1632, building for himself a comfortable home on the grant of land accorded to him by the colonial authorities, June 3, 1632, on account of his valuable services. This home, known as Orchard Farm, has never passed out of the family, but the original grant which comprised three hundred acres has necessarily been curtailed. The old house stands facing the road, and not far away, nestled on a knoll, is the family cemetery where lie buried the old Governor and many of his descendants. We stopped to see the old pear tree which still bears fruit; tradition tells us that it was planted by the Governor in 1640.

Then we motored across country to visit the "Lindens," a large colonial house built by Robert Hooper of Marblehead, familiarly called "King" Hooper by his fellow townsmen, on account of his honesty. This beautiful place was given over to Governor Gage during his sojourn in Danvers, a model residence for the Tory, for it stood far back from the road, reached by an avenue of trees, thus giving it privacy. Here, during the time of his occupancy, lavish entertainment was dispensed and the sound of revelry was kept up until the break of morning. The house was

guarded by troops, who were quartered on the lawn, and just outside the boundary, on a triangular sward, stood a magnificent oak, "the King's whipping post," taking its name from the fact that soldiers were tied securely to an iron staple, that had been inserted in the trunk, before they were flogged. The Yankees hated these intruders, proof of which is found by the discovery of a bullet hole in the front door, the work of one of the militia who thus sought vengeance.

Next we visited the old Page house, a lovely colonial building which has been preserved by the historical society, and we were shown to the roof, where we were told that Madam Page proved herself a most obedient wife. She minded her husband, who forbade her to drink tea inside the mansion, so she carried it up to the roof so as not to be denied her favorite beverage. We visited the room that General Gage occupied for his headquarters and were told that this was chosen because from it he could overlook Salem harbor and discover if any of the enemy's fleet were stealing along the shore to surprise him.

It was in this town that the Reverend Samuel Parris dwelt, laying out a posy plot at the rear of his house, in which was a bewitched rose bush that never could be rooted from the ground. It is said that no matter how many times it had been mowed down or plowed up it still lived on, blooming with ever-increasing beauty.

Standing at the meeting of four roads in the very heart of Danvers town is a very old inn, or rather one that occupies the site of the original, and the sign still swings just as it did in the seventeenth century to tell

BERRY TAVERN, DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS

BOHEMIAN GLASS
STIEGEL GLASS

the coming guest that food and lodging could be procured. It is a large square colonial building to which wide verandas have been added, making it an up-to-date hostelry.

The first tavern was owned by one John Porter, who was licensed to run an "ordinary" in 1748, dying eleven years later and succeeded by his widow. She tired of the undertaking and sold the inn to Colonel Jethero Putnam, who carried it on from 1799 until 1803, when Josiah Dodge, Jr., took it over, only to sell it to Ebenezer Berry, under whose régime it became a famous place of entertainment. The original house was built of wood, two stories in height, and was valued at one thousand three hundred dollars, which was considered in those days a good price. It was well lighted, for history tells us that forty windows were inserted, and that poplar trees were set out to keep the sunshine from intruding. There were no carpets, but there was a semblance of interior decorating, for the floors were painted to represent tiling, and the hallway is linked with one of the most interesting stories in Danvers history.

Brown Hill is one of the most prominent elevations in this part of the country. It is also known as Brown's Folly and Folly Hill, and commands from the crest one of the most wonderful views, extending for miles around. So prominent was it that, in the summer of 1614, Captain John Smith, while exploring the coast, caught sight of it, calling it the "Cheviot Hills," and Hawthorne describes it in one of his poems.

It was about 1740 that a magnificent mansion was erected upon the summit, a building containing two wings, two stories high, with a spacious hall. It pre-

sented a front of eighty feet, and was known as Brown Hall; for many years it was a much-sought-after residence, for hospitality reigned supreme, but being a Tory, the owner was obliged to flee. Later, it was considered wise to move it down the hill, after dividing it into three parts. One of these was attached to the hotel and used as a hall, a place used by the officers of the militia on training day when they came to the tavern to make it their headquarters. The selectmen of the town met here, as did also the Jordan Lodge of Masons and the old Danvers Lyceum.

Unfortunately, part of Brown's Folly went up in fire and smoke during the conflagration of June, 1845. The present landlord told us that when the house was first built there were mottoes printed over each of the cavernous fireplaces, such as:

"Ye sit by the fireside and muse,"

or

"My home is your home."

The old kitchen was of great interest to us, there being a huge brick fireplace which the landlord asserted was originally a part of the Brown Mansion. As to the truth of this we cannot vouch, but surely it was large enough to cook the traditional ox which the old-time legends tell us was roasted here.

Formerly there was a stable behind the house, and between this and the kitchen was a mysterious series of secret stairways and closets that meandered up and down, so that one could walk for a long distance before coming out into the open. It is claimed that there were so many hiding places that it was almost possible to secrete a small army. When the tavern was restored,

not many years ago, it was discovered that the cellar was literally honeycombed with closets which were used for the storing of liquor.

Situated, as it was, on the turnpike road, heavy teams were constantly passing to and from Salem, delivering loads of produce and returning with treasures that had been stored away in the holds of the old Salem vessels. Sometimes there were as many as forty a day, everyone stopping at the tavern for dinner. Naturally these were busy days for the landlord and his wife, who were often hard put to it to accommodate so many overnight.

This tavern was also used as a post office, letters being brought by the stage driver, and if not called for they were taken to the meeting house on the Sabbath Day to be delivered to the rightful owners. The rates of postage were fixed by the first Deputy Postmaster General, who was chosen in 1693. Letters coming from ports beyond the sea required twopence, ordinary letters fourpence, and should they remain at the hostelry over forty-eight hours the order read, "They were to be delivered at their destination and one penny collected for every individual letter as a reward for the services."

The Bohemian glass attracted our attention, and we learned that it came from the heart of Bohemia, the most exquisite ever shown in any country, varying in color from ruby to white, and green to pink. When first placed upon the market, its beauty could not fail to attract the attention of other countries, and it rose to a high standard, excelling Venetian glass, which had previously had no rival in the field.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the glasswork was accomplished by the peasants of Bohemia, who, while underpaid, eked out their existence by originating fascinating designs, noted for their charming coloring and picturesque engraving. This glass, when thrown upon the market, met with a hostile reception, as it could be sold at a lower cost than Venetian, and by the middle of the eighteenth century it was the leading product. The English were enthusiastic about it, and although there were enormous quantities manufactured there are not many pieces left now. Later on engraved ornamentations representing hunting, interlacing flowers, portraits and so forth, appeared, known as cameo encrustation.

The chief coloring was ruby; the mystery of its success caused other manufacturers of glass to despair, and it is claimed that one artist was given sixteen hundred ducats to perfect himself in this particular art. Great care, however, should be taken in collecting, remembering it should show sharpness, depth in cutting and unconventional designs, resembling the lovely tones that one discovers in old Venetian damask. The heavier the glass, and the deeper the cutting, the more valuable it is.

Time has dealt gently with this ancient glass, for, despite its fragility, its intrinsic beauty remains intact, and when placed on a shelf where the sunlight touches it, there is a charming play of color and richness of tone.

It has well been said that every color of the rainbow is depicted, for we find red, green, amber, white, pink and blue; and there is no glass made today that shows such beauty or rare ornamentation as does this.

CHAPTER XI

BALDPATE INN

The next stopping place was to be in Georgetown, Massachusetts, a little inland town which, while it does not cover an extensive territory, is a thriving agricultural community where the farms and farmhouses are prosperous in appearance.

There are three hills in Georgetown, each one of which has an interesting history: Spofford, Long and Baldpate. We were more interested in the latter, for it was on the crest of this hill that we were planning to spend the night. It is a high elevation of land that rises three hundred and ninety-two feet above sea level, and it is claimed to be the highest hill in Essex County.

As we motored through the little town, we were constantly meeting on either side weather-beaten houses, silver-mellowed with age, one of the most interesting of which stands on Spofford's Hill. This was erected in the seventeenth century and has never been out of the family. Another of the group of houses situated on this hill was a lean-to with which was connected a fascinating legend.

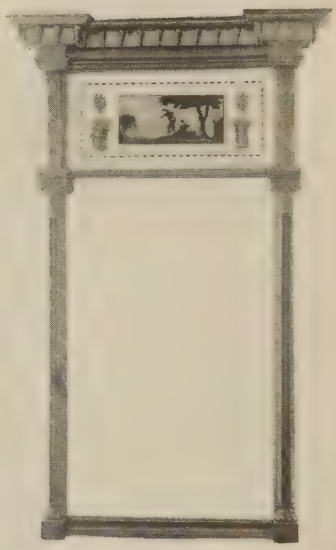
It was in the year 1679 that Hannah, the housemaid, went, as was her wont, to an old wooden chest that stood at one side of the fire room, just as it had ever since the house was built. She lifted the lid to take out the meal to sift it for biscuit, for in those days it did duty as a

meal chest. To her amazement the chest commenced to jump up and down and jog along the floor two or three inches at a time. This frightened her, causing her to drop the meal, and sending the children flying over to the neighbor's that they, too, might witness the uncanny action of the sedate old chest. There it stood, just as quiet and decorous as it had been through all the long years, but the moment Hannah touched it it commenced its gyrations, trotting all over the room and becoming so noisy that the minister was sent for. He came hurrying up the hill, entered the house and, raising his hand, fell on his knees to pray for quiet, but it was of no avail. There were twenty witnesses to verify the fact that they saw the chest hopping and jumping all around the room and even turning corners. Unwilling to believe human influence had anything to do with it, one of the members, a fat woman, sat down on it, but it kept right on with its jigging. Hannah was dismissed and the chest has been silent ever since.

There is a little station that we passed known as Baldpate. It lies not far distant from the main depot, but there were few trains that stopped there. During the summer season guests arrived on every train, for the fame of Baldpate Inn was far reaching. We motored up the hill, finding a rambling, picturesque old farmhouse painted red, as was the fashion at the time of its erection. Originally it was very much smaller, that is, when it was built in 1733 by one Stephen Mighill, who was a resident of Rowley and desired it for his summer home.

We were told about the "raising," which was a notable affair in the community. Following the fashion

BALDPATE INN, GEORGETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS



COLONIAL MIRRORS

Chippendale
Betrothal

Convex
Picture

of the day, invitations had been sent out the country around, bidding neighbors and friends to congregate here to see the frame raising. The whole hill took on a holiday air and the crowd was so large as to fill the seats erected for the occasion.

We could almost see these staid country folks as they watched the workmen manfully raising the frame into position, aided in their work by an abundance of beer and West India and New England rum, which was shared equally by the builders and the guests. Then came the dinner, which was set out on large tables erected on the grounds, and which fairly groaned under a load of good things to eat and plenty to drink.

Mighill was an aristocrat. Coming to this country not many years previously, a descendant of a fine old English family, he had brought with him many slaves who had quarters on different parts of the grounds. It was they who laid the stone walls, built from rocks scattered around the estate, and prepared the land that it might be rich enough for the raising of crops. So successful was he that the estate was known the country around as being most profitably managed. After his death it passed into the hands of his descendants, who still own the property. Then Paul Spofford of New York converted it into an inn, and as such it has been run ever since.

We realized what an ideal place it was for a tavern as well as a summer residence, and, viewing it for the first time, the low lying fields, groves of forest trees, meadows broken by babbling brooks, gave to us a most restful feeling. We learned it was fully as popular during the winter months when the snow lay heavy

upon the ground as it was during the summer, for then there was coasting, skating and skiing.

There is little or no pretense at architecture, which fact adds much to its charm, yet, perched like an eyrie on the side of the hill, it forms a landmark that can be viewed for miles around. A wide veranda has been thrown around two sides, and from them one overlooks the valleys and the everlasting hills, over which the sun plays from early morn till late afternoon.

But the interior is fully as fascinating as the exterior. There is about it a feeling of mystery, for doors open up here, there and everywhere, luring us to explore. First of all is the hallway, the central feature of which is a huge stone fireplace. Here on a chilly day a roaring wood fire crackles, singing a merry song as it dances up the chimney breast, tempting the guests to gather here and revel in its warmth. The walls are hung with a charming old scenic paper, and the furnishings include many old colonial pieces, for the house has been consistently furnished to maintain the seventeenth and eighteenth century atmosphere.

The living room, which is at the right, is so cozy that one is loath to leave it, and the windows are so placed that each one of them frames a picture painted by the hand of nature. The dining room, long and wide, is situated at the end of the living room. A feature is the corner cupboard, on which are arranged rare specimens of china, pewter and glass, which give a touch of color. Leading from this is the den, from whose wide windows one overlooks old grass roads, abandoned mills, obscure cart paths and picturesque farm land.

Upstairs is a delightful maze of rooms that open off, now here, now there, leading up two steps and down two until one never knows what one will come upon next. Alluring quaint nooks come upon us as we turn corners, each one showing an individuality that is charming. Here the furniture is consistent, rare four-posters with their coverings of candlewick quilts depicting odd patterns in tufting, choice old mirrors hung on the wall, which carry us back in imagination to those that were used in the first houses of our country.

So we went in quest of mirrors, and the landlord, an antiquarian himself, told us many a delightful story concerning the collection which he had gathered inside the rambling old house at Baldpate. It was one of the most charming taverns we had visited — carrying us back to the old English inn that Dickens so vividly describes in his books. Most reluctantly we parted from our host to search through the historic little town for some heirloom that should prove worthy of our purchase.

Mirrors were invented before the coming of Christ, — not like those of today, for the Chinese constructed them of polished iron and bronze, so small that they could be fastened to the girdle by means of a cord, tied around the knob which formed the handle of the mirror.

There are many legends connected with the looking-glass, especially the one that tells us of "seven years of bad luck," caused by the breaking of a mirror. This folklore had its origin in Ireland, where, in the handling of milady's toilet set, the maids were apt to be careless. Those were the days when mirrors were very rare, and doubtless the servants were superstitious.

Many mirrors found in the houses of today came into fashion from 1750 to 1780, and they are easily distinguished both by their shape, their framing and their ornamentation. In addition to mirrors were mirror knobs, decorative in finish and screwed into the wall under the looking-glass to hold it in place. These are today very rare, the most interesting ones representing likenesses of notable people, flowers and landscape finished in color. In the inventories of olden times they are often mentioned, and it is amusing to realize what little thought was given to the grouping of the home valuables. The following was taken from the Ipswich records:

1 great cupboard	1—0—0
A great bible psalm book and another book	10—0
A looking glass and a half-hour glass	2—6
200 of nails	10—0

We learned there was a difference between the mantel mirror and the oblong one, the former being constructed in three parts. This type was a favorite with Charles I, and is represented in Salem by a charming example that stands over the mantel in the Pierce-Nichols house, one of Samuel McIntyre's finest examples. The color scheme is gilt and white and the ornamentation Prince's Feathers. It was placed there many years ago when the parlor was furnished for the first bride.

The betrothal mirror is linked with romance. There are many different types, the most notable of which is known as the Bilboa glass, identified with the history of Marblehead. The reason for this is that, being a seaport town, the stalwart youths sailed across

seas with cargoes of dried salt fish, reaching the shores of Italy. They brought home a Bilboa glass as a gift to their sweethearts; and you will find them today inside the old weathered houses that stand here and there along the crooked streets.

The Lafayette mirror is another example, — a small looking-glass with a painted portrait of General Lafayette inserted in the hooded top. Then, again, a plain gilt frame with eagle ornamentation disclosed to us the fact that it must have come in after the Revolution, for it was then that this bird became our national emblem. These glasses show underneath the eagle a medallion, inside which each star represents a state in the union. Underneath in the lower part of the frame are clasped hands.

Girandoles, familiarly known as bull's-eyes, were made by Chippendale and his contemporaries. There is a very choice one that hangs —the central feature of the chimney breast — in Longfellow's library inside the Craigie house at Cambridge. In all probability this must have reflected many historic personages, for we know that Hawthorne, Longfellow and Horace Connelly sat underneath it as they gathered around the fireplace on the eventful evening when, by the request of Longfellow, permission was given by Hawthorne to be told the story of Evangeline as gathered by his friend Connelly.

But of mirrors and mirror knobs there was practically no end, and as we gazed dreamily into their placid surface, we wondered what wonderful stories they might relate, for without doubt many a charming love scene had been reflected there.

CHAPTER XII

PHILLIPS INN

THERE is no community in all New England richer in old colonial homes than Andover, Massachusetts, where Phillips Academy is located. One of the most charming of these is known as Ye Olde Kittredge House. It was built by Doctor John in 1741, a large, square colonial mansion, considered, when erected, the finest house in town. Today it stands untouched by the hand of a remodeler, still housing some member of the Kittredge family.

There were many other beautiful and hospitable homes, but among them none stands out more vividly than the old mansion house, which went up in flames in 1887. This was built in 1782 by Judge Phillips, and the beautiful elms which shaded the entrance porch, a pride to everyone in the village, were set out by his own hands.

History and tradition tell us that with the raising of this mansion a gala day was set apart in the town, a day when men left the plowshare and the shop, women closed their doors upon household tasks, and schools were closed that all might attend the raising. The frame was put together in sections, a new departure in the town, one that caused great excitement. Preliminaries completed, prayer was offered that the work might be successfully accomplished. In the hush

YE PHILLIPS INN, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

COLLECTION OF PEWTER

that followed, strong arms grasped the ropes and piles, and as they pulled, each section, like a thing of life, rose to its own place. Cheer upon cheer rent the air, then strained throats sought relief in draughts of punch that stood in great tubs around the grounds.

The mansion completed, it was occupied in the autumn of 1782, the scrubby pasture land becoming a fair green lawn, a stone wall defining the grounds; and from its windows one could look upon the training field, an open common that stood opposite.

Large square wainscoted rooms, hospitable fireplaces, high mantels, rich mirrors, broad window seats and stores of massive furniture were placed inside each room, and a ponderous entrance door, swung upon hinges, fastened by a mighty key matching that used at the Bastille and now shown at Mount Vernon.

Hither came General Pierce, fascinating all by his genial manner and kindly tact; Wendell Phillips stopped in the hallway to peer into the old clock's cavernous depth.

Gail Hamilton paused to admire the andirons that stood at attention in the fireplace, and following her came Oliver Wendell Holmes and Phillips Brooks, for the old house is filled with memories of great men. The very air seemed to vibrate with pleasant memories of days gone by, until the building disappeared in flame on November 29, 1887, robbing Andover of her cherished landmark and Phillips Academy of its priceless heirloom.

Life at Phillips Inn centered around Harriet Beecher Stowe, who came to the little town with her husband in the summer of 1852, choosing for her home an old

carpenter's shop where the students had practiced manual training.

There is many a legend connected with her days spent in the old town, and from the lips of several of the townspeople we learned how the old inn took on modern life. Harriet Beecher Stowe was a woman of decision and when she set up her will against that of the village carpenter, he was forced to yield. Every day during the process of remodeling, as the students passed by the house to mount the hill, they found her sitting there, ordering the work to be done as she desired, and the result was charming, for the house in its entirety stood as a landmark among the notable ones in the community.

Originally it was unpromising. When finished, it was a bower of beauty, and then, as now, the front door opened into a living room where pictures, flowers, easy-chairs and tables gave a pleasant sense of cordial hospitality to the coming guests, for it was a daring innovation in those days to change a hall into a living room. From this reception room opened out the parlor, a long, narrow room with small deeply recessed windows and a great capacity for being dismal. Yet, under the guiding hand of Mrs. Stowe, it became like fairyland, for here she grouped her treasures brought from foreign lands, her gifts from every nation; arranging them with rare taste and skill, intermingling plants and flowers as fancy dictated, until it became the pleasantest room of all; a room where practical setting and imagination had been combined.

From the window of this room one looked out upon her flower garden, for she was a lover of plants, and

had wonderful skill in their arrangement. Even today the color schemes and the unusual fantasies worked out by her hand are still talked about by the people in the town.

When the house was completed, the first day of November, 1852, it was christened "The Cabin," for it was just after the publication in magazines of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which had not yet appeared in book form. Today many of her alterations have been carefully treasured; for instance, the hallway, which is now an office, still retains the deep window seats where she used to curl up, when, absorbed in her writing, she forgot the busy world outside; and here, we learned, she laid the scheme for "Dred," "Pink and White Tyranny," and her later books.

Her favorite nook in the house, so they told us, was one where she could overlook the pine grove and the old-fashioned garden which is still preserved just as it was when she lived here. Mrs. Stowe was a delightful entertainer, and her house was the rendezvous for students, professors and townspeople. It was here that the first Christmas tree ever shown in this Puritanical community was set up. This stood in her parlor and the event was celebrated by inviting, not only every student, but practically the entire neighborhood, who as they left were each one presented with a suitable gift.

The sewing society, one of the most important features of the town, often met here, for Mrs. Stowe entered into the life of the community, and on the day she entertained nobody stayed at home that could possibly come. Then the best china was brought out

and a little maid passed around trays on which good things were piled. In the evening the men appeared, thus making it more a social event.

No one else could have introduced so many forbidden things as she; card parties were encouraged, and many took part who had been brought up to consider such games as scandalous. Dancing also was a favorite amusement, and without doubt this home-making of a professor's house did great good in the community.

There was never a more devoted couple than the professor and his wife; yet they never were seen anywhere together, and it is told of him that, when the anti-slavery bill was being considered, he vowed his beard should never be cut until it was passed. It grew and grew until it reached to his waist, giving to him quite a patriarchal appearance.

All these facts lend additional interest to the old tavern now known as the Phillips Inn, a house reminiscent of the writer, a picturesque building, with its hip roof and dormer windows lending to it an air of antiquity.

Pewter, we decided, should be our next venture, for it carried us back to the old tavern where it stood upon the mantel shelf as a drinking mug, or as chargers placed upon the table, the old inn's pewter being a favorite setting. Today it represents a lost art, and to the great masses it signifies nothing aside from being a drinking vessel. Until recently few have realized the irresistible charm that surrounds it.

The metal itself is of little or no intrinsic value, being nothing more than an alloy of tin or lead, some-

times with a sprinkling of copper, antimony, or bismuth. When it went out of fashion it was considered unworthy of even storage room, and was melted down; thus was destroyed the bulk of the best productions, which has placed at a premium the antiques of today.

The origin of pewter is veiled in mystery, yet there is proof that it was made in China two thousand years ago, and that specimens found in England of Japanese pewter reputed to be eleven hundred years old resembled those found in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, Massachusetts. We learned an interesting story concerning a bit of old Japanese pewter; this had been handed down as an heirloom for generations, being owned by the first ancestor in 1450. After many centuries it was brought over to this country by a French refugee, a nobleman, who married an English lady, and who, when the last of his race died, left it to a dear friend of the family. We were told that it represented one of the highest forms of art, a rare type of the old-time craft that never can be reproduced.

Pewter was used very little among the wealthy class in England, holding sway in the servants' hall in many of the large old country houses; but it lingered longest in the tavern and inn as well as in the London chophouses. In the first house of our country, the log cabin, it stood decoratively on the wooden mantel over the cavernous fireplace, or upon the dresser at one side of the room.

The oldest pieces are simple in form, showing straight and waved lines. Next came the curved pieces, easily recognized. Tankards of the first period show plain

lids; afterwards tops were added such as domes, knobs, little crests — used for decoration.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the popularity of pewter was at its height and we find it used on the table of many of the American houses, for it was made not only abroad, but in our country. The principal seat of industry was in Boston, where a thriving business was carried on for many years, the pieces being imported from across seas during the pre-Revolutionary period.

There were Philadelphia pewterers, one of the most prominent of whom was Thomas Danforth, who made plates as well as many other articles. His store stood on the corner of High, now Market, Street, and his pieces were marked "T. Danforth, Philadelphia." Occasionally we find he used a circular stamp which was about the size of a five-dollar gold piece, the figure of an American eagle being inside and the initials "T. D." surrounded by twenty-eight stars. Candlesticks and whale oil lamps were much used in our country, tavern pots and liquor glasses coming in about the seventeenth century, these being the rarest pieces existing. Many of these are curious in workmanship, encrusted with waved lines that give to it the effect of scale pattern.

Spoons and other flatware are scarce, for the reason they were easily bent and therefore more frequently placed in the melting pot. During the Revolution quantities of them were melted down for bullets, and it is claimed that a statue of King George III which stood at Bowling Green in New York was molded into forty-eight thousand bullets.

American pewter is not as valuable as the English, although many beautiful pieces were designed in our country, such as beakers, porringers, plates and vessels. It is possible to secure pewter badly bent and discolored, but it can easily be restored by a competent metal worker who has knowledge of the fact that it cannot be buffed, for polishing destroys its beauty, making it look like tin. Boil it in water in which has been soaked a small quantity of hay, and this will remove discolorations. There is also a certain kind of rush that grows in swamps which is suitable. This method is tedious, yet the slow gleam of the mellow hue as it gradually appears on the surface rewards us as does the smile of a friend.

CHAPTER XIII

WOLFE TAVERN

The magic power of tavern days increased our longing to further explore the land in which inns had their birth, causing us to choose, not the straight road, but a winding way which would lead to Wolfe Tavern, our next night's stop, a connecting link between Andover and Boston.

A desire to visit Whittier land, to see for ourselves the old homestead where the Quaker poet spent much of his life, caused us to go through Haverhill and on to Amesbury. As we passed over bridges we recalled the days before they came into existence, for many were opposed to this innovation on account of expense; that, however, was mitigated through a toll charge by which they were kept in repair. The subject was debated around the tavern fire, many denouncing it as extravagant, while others felt it was a necessity.

Our ancestors were men of determination and, later on, the building of bridges won the day. They were small at first, spanning streams or rivers where they were most needed, but they became so convenient and so popular that, in 1723, an epidemic of bridge construction broke out all through the settlements.

Many of these bridges were covered by necessity, to protect travelers from driving snowstorms and howling winds that swept wickedly down the river. Cool and inviting it was to cross bridges such as these

Prince Stetson & Co.

RESPECTFULLY INFORM THE PUBLIC,

That they have put in complete repair that well known

TAVERN, Formerly kept by Mr. DAVENPORT,

SIGN OF

JAMES WOLFE ESQR.

State Street,

NEWBURYPORT.

Where those who favour them with their custom shall experience every convenience and attention which they can command.

WOLFE TAVERN, NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

Dated Set
Three Vases
LOWESTOFT WARE

on a warm summer's day, when the sunshine poured in through the tiny square windows — when the horse's hoofs beat a tattoo on the boarded floors, raising clouds of ancient dust.

There are still in existence some of the old structures, one of which we came across at Rock's Village, a stretch of land connected to the mainland by this bridge. Through it Whittier often rambled.

Soon we came to the home of the late Harriet Prescott Spofford, situated on Deer Island, a charming old-fashioned house that in early days did service as an inn. Standing, as it did, near the water's edge, it seemed a lovely, restful home for a writer such as she. Then on we went until we reached the principal street in the old town of Newburyport, a quaint city bordering the sea, and which during commercial prosperity was a bustling town.

High Street runs directly through the city, being three miles in length; on the upper side stand many fine old colonial mansions, one of which was purchased by no less a personage than Timothy Dexter — Lord Timothy Dexter, as he insisted upon being called. Dexter was a character, an illiterate man who had made a fortune by sending warming pans to the West Indies as a venture. The covers were used for sugar scoops and the bottoms as dippers. When he rode abroad his coach was drawn by six horses. The coat of arms, painted conspicuously on the door, was a mixture of several heraldic devices merged into one. During his lifetime the posts of his fence were topped by wooden images whose names were changed to suit his fancy. He wrote a book called "Pickles for the

Knowing Ones." This was printed at his expense and distributed gratuitously. The contents told fictitious stories concerning his life. There was no punctuation to deface the printing, but at the end were added two pages of periods, commas, and semicolons, and the readers were told to pepper and salt it to their taste.

In a large colonial house, now occupied by the old ladies of the town as a home, dwelt William Wheelwright of South American fame, he who was instrumental in bridging the Andes. Several rooms are hung with old scenic paper placed there at the time of its building — about 1800. Farther down the street stands the Knapp house, now used as a summer residence. This was also built about 1800, and in the double parlors one finds a rare example of the wall paper known as "The Adventures of Telemachus."

The Garrison house, which is reached just after passing the Oldtown Church, is a notable mansion that should be visited. The porch, considered to be the finest in the country, is a treasure for architects, who come here every summer to photograph and sketch it. The house possesses two distinct finishes in exterior, the upper part being of cement and the entrance door Dutch in design. On account of a whim of one of the former owners, an addition of wood formed a long ell, lived in by the housewife, who claimed that here her rheumatism disappeared.

State Street, the business portion of the city, has also many fine residences, more especially the Tristam-Dalton House, now the home of the Dalton Club, and almost directly opposite stands the Wolfe Tavern, but

not on the original site, for the first tavern went up in flames many years ago.

William Davenport, in 1762, opened the first "ordinary" in the town, calling it after the British general, the Wolfe Tavern. In the records he styles himself a "carver," undoubtedly because of the fact that his occupation was building of ships, relinquished at the outbreak of the French and Indian War and the capture of Louisburg. Heading a company, he was quartered on the Plains of Abraham at the time of General Wolfe's death, and he was also present when Quebec surrendered a few days later on.

At the close of the war and on his return home, the "ordinary" was opened, becoming a very popular resort on accoun tof his providing, not only good suppers, but good wine. This inn was on the road that led from Maine through the eastern part of New Hampshire, passing through Newburyport on its way to Boston. The stagecoach halted here, and the passengers spent the time sitting around the cheerful fire drinking hot rum punch and gossiping about the political problems which at that time were uppermost in their minds. Then it was known as the Davenport Inn and here during the early days of masonry came the St. Peter's Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons to hold secret meetings, and here also the Newburyport Marine Society held its annual meeting.

On the death of the owner, he was succeeded by his son, who was very popular and enjoyed a great increase of business. The records show that in 1782 the Marquis de Chastellux passed through Newburyport, making this inn his headquarters.

Probably the most noted innkeeper of the Wolfe Tavern was Prince Stetson, who took charge of the inn from the first to the fifteenth day of March, 1807, and continued to serve the public until the day of the great fire in 1811, when the house was burned down, and rebuilt on the corner of State and Harris streets. The bricks used for this purpose were formerly in the large brick house, also burned, which was previously occupied by an uncle of George Peabody, the great London banker.

There has been no change in the site of the inn, and today the sign still hangs in front just as it did long ago — not the old one, which was partially burned, but a replica, painted by a modern artist. The original sign showed the bust of the General done in colors and surrounded by a carved, gilded scrollwork. After the Revolution the striking coat of red attracted the attention of every passer-by, but it was not, as were many of that time, mutilated. For many years the old sign disappeared and no trace of it could be found until it was discovered in the manor of the late Benjamin Perley Poore at West Newbury. It was brought back as a model for the present one.

Wolfe Tavern is a large hotel of the colonial period, the modern part being the wide veranda which runs entirely across the front of the house. Little trace of the old-time architecture is found inside, with the exception that the rooms are large and square and the fireplaces, many of them, most interesting. We were particularly impressed with one that showed a most unusual and finely executed sunburst, the hand-tooling

suggesting that it might have been done by Salem's woodcarver, Samuel McIntyre.

Lowestoft china was much admired in the early days when it was brought overseas. Doubtless many sets were brought into Newburyport, for here, and more especially in the large colonial houses, we discovered many rare and charming pieces.

Originally this ware came from China and its name was given to it through an error of Chaffers, who, in the early edition of his book on marks and monograms, mistook the Chinese porcelain for English Lowestoft ware, which in every respect differs from that made in the Orient. Lowestoft should be divided into two classes, the first period being that when blue and white ware was fashionable; then came the second when a finer ware was produced, often depicting both heraldic devices and floral designs. In 1790 the decorations were enamel, colors being used; many of them being ornamented with sprays, festoons, borders of simple scale and checkerboard design.

This latter class has been the cause of controversy, many authorities claiming it as an Oriental ware, imported when half finished from the East to be repainted and refired at Lowestoft. Others, with equal authority, claim that no piece of Oriental type had been brought to the Lowestoft kiln; that the owners of the factory were not able to afford importations from China, there being a heavy duty on the same. Low cost was necessary if they wished to successfully compete with the output of Derby, Worcester and Staffordshire potteries.

The name of Rose was given to some pieces,

being derived from that of a French refugee who, seeking shelter in England, entered the employ of the Lowestoft Company about 1790, and proved to be one of their finest decorators. So wonderful was his work that he became head decorator, on account of his exquisite taste and delicate touch, and it was because of his designs that Lowestoft became more popular.

The factory closed when Napoleon invaded Holland in 1803 or 1804, during which time he destroyed a large quantity of fine china when in Rotterdam, but at the time of its greatest prosperity, which was between 1730 and 1850, sailing vessels did an enormous trade, carrying it to Holland, England and the United States.

Many of these sets contain six hundred pieces, some of them ordered as betrothal gifts, and so wonderful were the decorations that they included monograms, crests, landscapes, heraldic devices and roses. The rarest of all was the blue and white designed in the French style, wine coolers being considered by connoisseurs to be the rarest of all Lowestoft productions.

Sometimes the names were derived from persons of distinction, such as the Carols of Carollton, — Charles Carollton being one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Another rare type shows ship decoration, one set of five cups and saucers being owned at one time by a man who was on the United States ship *Constitution*. We must not overlook the dated sets, for each piece printed December 11, 1781, stands unrivaled, save by a marriage set owned at Annapolis, Maryland, and said to have no duplicate in the country. Also

we should include a child's set, the decorations of which are blue and gold.

Candlesticks are not commonly found in this ware, and are much sought after by collectors, more especially those which are decorated with a coat of arms. Snuff boxes are only occasionally discovered. One piece which should receive especial attention was a fine bowl of blue and white finished with Chinese figures and bearing the name and date "Elizabeth Buckle 1768." While this interested us more than any other, we were also fascinated by the legends connected with it. The bowl was given to her by her nephew, Robert Allen, and was part of the original service made especially for her. He was connected with the Lowestoft Company and probably the best workman the factory had ever employed. Without doubt many of the improvements constantly being made in the decorations of Lowestoft were through his art. When the factory closed he set up a small kiln in his own house, in order that he might carry on the work in a limited manner.

Of him it is said that so notable was he in the art of decoration that in his seventy-fourth year he executed a design for the window of the Parish Church and in acknowledgment was presented with a silver cup that bore this inscription:

"A token of respect to Mr. Robert Allen from his fellow-townsmen of Lowestoft for having at the advanced age of seventy-four, gratuitously and elegantly ornamented the east window of their parish church. Ann. Dom. 1819."

CHAPTER XIV

YE ROGERS MANSE

Not far distant lay the peaceful parish of Byfield. Originally cattle from the Netherlands were imported to graze here, for on the borders of the then newly established parish Henry Sewall and Richard Saltonstall founded the first stock farm in New England, and just beyond lay Dummer Academy, the master's house being originally the summer home of Lieutenant-Governor Dummer.

We were bound for Ipswich, where, in the early days, many sessions of Court were held, and this was the subject we wished to discuss during the interim between leaving Newburyport and reaching this old historic town. Courts were held for many years in the tavern.

The first session took place not very long after our country's settlement and always the sessions were accompanied with pomp and ceremony. The coming of the magistrates and their assistants was of as great importance in the community, as was also the bringing of prisoners, many of whom accompanied the dignitaries. There were others who were confined in cells in the tavern. We could imagine how delighted our forebears were on these occasions, when they could listen to tales of tragedy which lent spice to the monotony of their daily lives.

ROGERS MANSE, IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS
HALLWAY IN ROGERS MANSE

SHEFFIELD PLATE

Castor
Cake Basket

Tray
Teapot

Court sessions were looked upon as festival days in the settlement. Many from other communities came to listen to testimonies rendered. It gave them a chance to mingle together and to discuss openly the affairs of their fellow men, dwelling with glee upon even the most trivial crime. The groups that gathered nightly around the fireside in the tavern laid aside their every-day worries in order to argue about the proceedings they were about to witness at the opening of the Court.

The landlord was important, bustling back and forth with great activity. He knew a most exacting task lay before him. First of all, room inside the tavern must be provided, sufficient to accommodate, not only the magistrates and their assistants, but the assembled crowd who were drawn hither through curiosity, to listen to the proceedings and hear what punishments were allotted the culprits.

There would be dinners served in the inn later on —dinners that must be so prepared as to uphold the landlord's reputation. Chambers must be put in order, since the magistrates and officers would be forced to spend the night. To them would be assigned the best rooms in the tavern, those in the rear as well as the cells being occupied by the prisoners.

The Court was held in the large room of the "ordinary" until 1633, when a change was made by semi-yearly sessions, and the dividing of the officers, half in one room and half in the other, so that in case of contested decisions they should not be biased in their rendering. There is still on record a quaint bill for court expenses during one of the sessions in 1681:

		L.	S.	d.
June 8,	Lodgings & Breakfast	1	—01	9
	3 flagons of beer 1/9 marshal, etc.		3	0
	Sheriff, beer and wine 9d.		0	9
" 11,	Dinner with wine and beer to it	1	2	0
	Snyder 3d, 10 dinners	1	0	3
	Marshall's dinner		1	0
	Lemonade 12d 1 qt. wine 12d.		2	0
	Flagon beer 4d wine 12d.		1	4
	3 lodgings		0	6
		2	13	4
	4 horses, 3 nights		6	
	1 pt. wine to constables		6	
		2	19	10

On September 18, 1775, a Boston colonist cheerfully describes the burning of a negro woman for being implicated in the murder of her master. He also tells us that he set out for Cambridge at one o'clock the same day, that he might witness the execution of one Mark, who was hanged, and Phyllis, who was burned. From there he visited the Bradishes and the Morses, to indulge in a glass of flip before going home for a night's sleep. Executions were much enjoyed by the colonists, the gallows being ofttimes located close by the public house, and our Puritan forebears had no qualms of conscience in sending to "everlasting punishment" those proven guilty of a crime.

The legend runs that on February 15, 1774, one Holland Shaw was convicted of stealing a shirt, and taken before an extempore court, convened for the occasion. His sentence was that he parade through

the principal streets of the town accompanied by the town crier with his drum. William Douglas, the town crier, with his brass barrel drum, led the procession, the thief in his shirt following after. The papers inform us that he was compelled, not only to produce evidence, this being the shirt with the sleeves tied around his neck, but to proclaim in a loud voice, "I stole this shirt which is tied around my neck from Joseph Coffin's house in Salisbury, and I am sorry for it." At the end of the day, having satisfied the demands of justice, he was dismissed, but never seen again in the community.

Ipswich lies midway between Salem and Newburyport. It is said of it that in the early days it was a place where a "stranger was quickly heralded." Viewing it at the present time, when wide streets and charming houses have replaced the Indian trails, it seems difficult to realize its appearance three hundred years ago, when foot paths led to matted and tangled vales extending to the foot of shaggy hillsides.

It was not a lonely community, for Johnson tells us that in 1644 it was "very faire-built with pleasant gardens," and John Duncan in 1685 speaks of the beautiful meeting house, the thriving orchards, well laid out gardens, and lively circulation of news. Winthrop wrote home, "My cozens all three were in perfect health and as merry as good cheer and Ipswich friends could make them."

The most historic house in the town is the Saltonstall-Whipple home built between 1636 and 1675. From this small village during the first half century of its settlement not less than thirty-eight sons were gradu-

ated at Harvard, each family giving to Harvard University one peck of corn. The farmers gave seed of the soil, garnered with their own hands, rather than ready money to help support this institution of learning.

Back from the main road that runs from the depot to meet Rogers Manse, stands the old meeting house, where tradition tells us that early one morning in the month of September, when the sexton came to sweep off the church steps, he discovered the devil running around. He, being a very pious man, fearlessly chased him all over the meeting house, jumping over pews up into the pulpit after him and even following as he scuttled up the steps into the belfry. "Now," said the sexton, "I've got him." To his amazement, the devil leaped off into space, landing below on the stone steps. There are still shown his foot prints, which have never been erased by the hand of time.

Ye Rogers Manse was built as a home for the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, who was pastor of the First Church of Ipswich from 1638 to 1655. It stands on High Street on a lot that originally ran down to meet the river. At the time of its erection it was considered one of the finest houses in the settlement; a large square Colonial mansion which shows little alteration at the present day. That he was a man of means is proved by the inventory of his estate, after his death in 1655. The real and personal property was valued at one thousand four hundred and ninety-seven pounds, — a princely fortune in those days.

Inside the Manse was a rare collection of master craftsmen's furniture, and the inventory reads that he had an elaborate set of pewter dishes, flagons and so

forth; so many that when weighed there was found to be one hundred and fifty pounds. The parlor, so we are informed, was furnished with livery-covered great chairs and the only musical instrument in all the town stood here. This was a "treble violl," supposed to be a violin, and in the corner of the room was put up a canopy bed with down pillows.

Being a scholarly man, his library was extraordinary, the books being worth one hundred pounds. During his lifetime he was surrounded by a brilliant literary group, of which he lived to be the last. With health weakened, so Cotton Mather informs us, through being forced to give up the use of tobacco, his last days were most miserable.

Ye Mansion House, together with the land, orchard and negro servant (valued at thirty pounds), was inherited by his son John Rogers, afterwards President of Harvard College. Today it is used as a hostelry, showing little change since it was built by the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers. The inn stands back from the main road with a stretch of lawn between the front porch and the sidewalk, — a large square mansion painted white with the customary green blinds, — a conspicuous landmark. The entrance porch is ornamented by a pediment supported by Ionic columns, the front door being a replica of the original. The side door, however, is the same one through which the Reverend Nathaniel entered his home.

That it was a Mansion House is proven by the fact that there are fine hallways and staircases at both the front and side of the house. The original paneling is retained in the front hall, and the twisted newel

posts resemble those carved by ship carpenters during the latter part of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century. During its middle life, when it was occupied by Nathaniel Lord, Jr., prominently connected with the doings of the early Court, Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, as well as many other persons who were prominent in the legal profession, visited at this famous old mansion.

The small-paned windows have been retained, as have the fireplaces, where the old bricks still show rough, uneven surfaces. The wainscot has also been kept in many of the rooms, particularly the parlor, where on the walls are hung rare specimens of old scenic paper. There are many valuable books still retained in the old library and one wonders if any of them were owned by the late Nathaniel Rogers.

Here we collected Sheffield plate, of which many pieces stood on the dining-room sideboard. We knew that it was first manufactured in the city of Sheffield, England, where the best cutlery was made as early as 1380, concerning which Chaucer wrote, he calling them the "Sheffield Whyttles." Not until nearly the close of the first half of the eighteenth century, did the designers show their ware outside the country, and then only to seek larger sales than could be obtained at the annual fairs held in the neighborhood. The first merchant sent to London was Joshua Fox, who, when he started in 1723 to make his first journey, carrying with him some of his ware, left behind a weeping wife and children as well as many uneasy neighbors mourning his departure. The first day he traveled on foot, then he rested, awaiting a sufficient number of travelers

to make it safe to brave the perils of Nottingham Forest, which was infested with robbers.

In 1747, business relations were entered into with foreign houses, through which means much importance and prosperity was given to the industry, raising the value of the plate to a very high standard, among the principal industrial centers of England. The first pieces were crude, copper plated on one side only.

The making of Sheffield plate ranged from 1742 to 1845, at which time the process of electro-plating put it out of the market. It seems almost incredible that so many different pieces should have come into use in such a short period, for we find epergnes, teapots, lamps, tankards, tumblers, trays, bottles, snuffers and so forth.

One of the most interesting designs was worked out in buckles, in which the Prince of Wales became interested, realizing that they would do away with the use of shoe-strings. On his birthday he and all of his sisters appeared wearing the newly invented shoe latches, thereby setting the fashion so that no well dressed lady or gentleman appeared thereafter without them.

Old Sheffield should never be replated, it thus becomes worthless to the collector, because of the covering up of the copper. Many pieces are found in this country, particularly at Washington, for English ambassadors often disposed of theirs when returning to England, and doubtless fine bits are found in modern houses, an inheritance from great-grandmother, who called it the "best plate." In addition to the pieces already mentioned, we also discovered both snuff

and patch boxes; these, while they have lost their usefulness, are treasured for sentiment's sake, bringing to mind the time when they were brought overseas by colonial ancestors.

CHAPTER XV

YE OLDE BURNHAM HOUSE

As we swept through Ipswich, described so vividly by Captain John Smith as containing many rising hills, whose tops and descents showed cornfields and delightful "groues," making it a place for excellent habitation, we could hardly realize that in 1638 it was a flourishing village, fishing being the principal industry, for does not history relate that the *Arbella* crew caught sixty-seven cod, some of them a yard and a half long, and a yard round, in two hours' time?

Roger Corbett, in 1682, wrote to Cotton Mather that they were a superstitious race of settlers. Quoting from his letter, "There was a potentious sight like unto I have never read or heard of before, namely a perfect crosse through ye moone with a pretty long and broad and pale colored stream like ye color of ye late comet. It was seene by ten creditable persons who are occasionally at my house."

Finally we came upon Ye Olde Burnham House, built twenty years after the Pilgrims landed, the quaintest place in all New England. This old and interesting house was built by one Thomas Hart (or Harte), yeoman from England. It is located just off the main road and was erected in the year 1640. The earliest mention is made in a record: "granted to Samuel Boreman one house lott one aker a quarter of ground lying at the west end of the town having a

house lott of Richard Hucklyes on the East and a house lott of Thomas Hartes on the West . . . Entered the 22nd of sixth month 1639 into the Town book folio 23, April 6th 1641.

"Granted to Thomas Hart about 4 akers of meadow and 12 of upland beyond Mr. Appleton's farm not prejudicing former grants."

It is reasonable to assume that Mr. Hart was living on this lot now occupied by Ye Olde Burnham House as early as 1640. He was a tanner by trade, and operated a tanning yard at the rear of his dwelling. Mr. Hart was a man of good standing with his fellow citizens, frequent mention being made of him in the early records as serving on various committees having town business in hand. He was chosen as a selectman as early as 1659, again in 1661 and again in 1663. In 1664, February 14, he received a share in the division of Plum Island, Hog Island and Castle Neck.

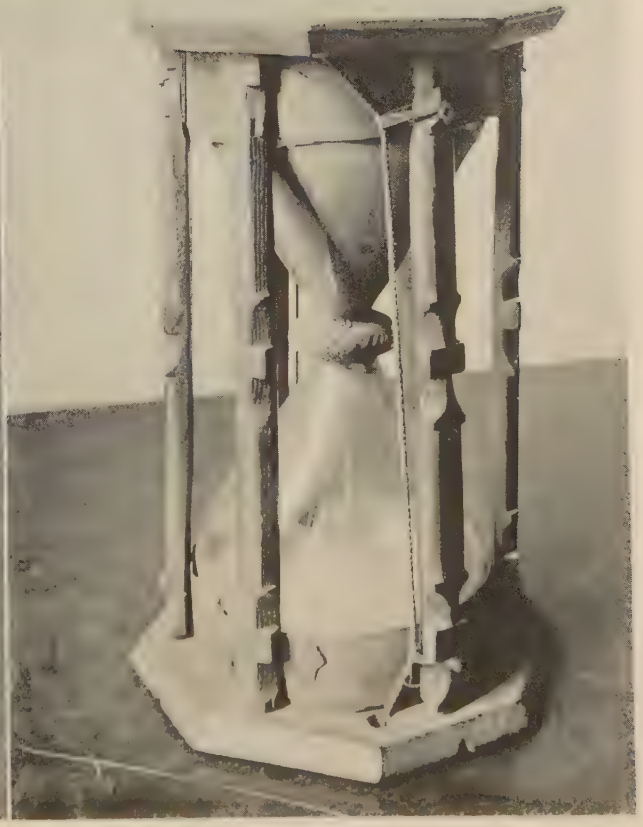
Thomas Hart built better than he knew, as after nearly three hundred years the old house, with its great fireplaces and paneling, is staunch and strong. From 1640 to 1902 the interior experienced many changes. It is pronounced by architect, builder and layman the finest old house of so early a type extant.

Lifting the knocker, we entered this old tavern, finding ourselves in a small hallway where a staircase at the right led to the second floor, and turning to right we found ourselves in a labyrinth of rooms, one opening into the other, showing wonderful paneling and enormous fireplaces such as were in evidence during the first period of our country's history.

It seemed, as we followed the rooms, that the wheels

YE BURNHAM FIREPLACE, IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS

WIGWAG CLOCK



HOUR GLASS

of time had ceased to turn, taking us back three hundred years, for such a wealth of old smoke-stained and mellowed paneling, wonderful old Chippendale furniture intermingled with Heppelwhite and Sheraton, we had never found before; and here, as in old tavern days, the soft gray sheen of the pewter was brought out beautifully against the brown of the woodwork.

Today, with the enlargement of the old homestead, oaken timbers taken from the Saltonstall-Merrifield house, which was razed many years ago, have combined with the old structure so effectively that it is considered from the view of an architect as one of the most fascinating taverns in New England.

Quaint staircases lead one off into mysterious corridors, which in turn open into unexpected rooms, each one of which contains a wealth of old furniture; all the more interesting are these as no two rooms are on the same level; thus we catch glimpses through half-open doors that tempt us to explore, realizing that the one we are in is but a prelude to the one to be found beyond.

In this low and spacious old room, with its large fireplace measuring nine feet wide, showing the earliest type of oven, one enjoys sitting and watching the firelight's glow, as did the mother in the old chimney corner so many years ago, when she gathered her little ones about her for story-telling and evening prayers. The hand-hewn rafters and original doors are almost black with age, and it is interesting to note that all the timber used in the construction of this old house was cut from the virgin forest near by. Of especial interest, in the corner is the old clock, reaching to the

ceiling, and built for this room in 1773 by Richard Manning of Ipswich. The face is a pewter plate, while the glass is of bull's-eye pattern, seldom seen in a clock in this country. With the early colonial furniture, braided and hooked rugs, this room furnishes a splendid example of a living room of early days.

Leaving the living room, or kitchen, one enters a small hall, and is attracted by the front door fitted with hand-made lock, huge key and hinges. Descending a short flight of steps into the parlor, the oak beam sixteen and a half inches in diameter attracts the attention, as do the hand-hewn floor joists that support the ceiling. Other points of interest are the fine paneling of pumpkin pine, the carving of dentil pattern about the big fireplace, the frog-leg hinges on the closet door, seldom seen today, and the "night cap" closet beyond the fireplace.

At the present time this quaint room is the daily meeting place for luncheon and dinner parties, and when the feast is spread amid song and laughter the candle and firelight glow weave a charm "that haunts the memory still."

After a careful survey of early American or New England homes, this room was chosen as a perfect example of seventeenth century architecture and decoration, and has been reproduced in its entirety in the wing of Western Decorative Art, Metropolitan Museum of New York, as a background for furniture of that early date.

A short flight of stairs brings one to a spacious chamber. Here a framed opening on the left side shows the side wall construction. The bricks used

were made in Ipswich, the clay taken from the swamp land mixed with powdered clam shells with a binder of chopped salt marsh hay, making the walls arrow-proof, as in these early years much of the wilderness was inhabited by Indians. Plaster was added to the walls about 1700.

The old grandfather's clock, ticking off the hours in the corner, had a strong appeal for us, even as strong as old pewter and furniture. Few people, even admirers of them, realize what a fascinating history is connected with ancient clocks. Today the clock case goes with the movement. In colonial times, and even earlier, few owners bought works and case together, at least not until the larger type came into use. At that time transportation was difficult, and a clock peddler starting out on his trip contented himself with slinging half a dozen movements over his saddle and setting out to discover a purchaser.

Twenty pounds bought a grandfather's clock movement. This demanded the coming of a local cabinet maker, who for twenty pounds more finished it. Not all cases betrayed the make of the movement, for certain designs required a covering adequate to house them.

The first type found in our country was known as the wall clock, due to the fact that it stood on a shelf, through which slits were cut to allow for the hanging of the pendulum and weight cords. These were known as the lantern, bird cage or wag-on-the-wall, and were often used for decorative purposes as well as for timekeepers.

The earliest method of telling time was by water clocks, known familiarly as clepsydras. These were

merely two bowls of water, with a small opening in one of them through which the water flowed within a certain amount of time. Wicks were also used saturated with a preparation which caused smoldering, knots being tied at certain intervals, and the time was gauged between the knots consumed by fire.

To see the most wonderful and famous clocks, a visit to Europe is necessary, for here the most skillful and famous makers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries lived. The famous Strasburg Cathedral Clocks serve as examples, they being in fashion from 1335 to 1350. Friesland Clocks, which were made in Holland, are fascinating and were very popular in England in the early colonial days, partly on account of their being meant to hang on the wall without a frame, the brass face and movement only being visible. Many of these imported into our country were brought over, like the earliest timepieces, separately, and assembled after their arrival. Some of them show painted faces and gilded ornaments, the top protected by a hood and often either side of the bracket is marked by the silhouette of a mermaid.

The long case, better known as the grandfather clock, was made here in our country, though originating across seas. Most of them are finished with movements of brass which run for a period of eight days. Others constructed of wood need winding every thirty hours. There were three designs of cases, each with minor variations, pine, cherry and mahogany being the woods most frequently used.

Occasionally we come across primitive cases narrow in waist, and at only sufficient width to allow the rise

and fall of weights. A very handsome one stands in the dining room of the Stark Mansion at Dunbarton, New Hampshire. This was originally owned by General Pierce, father of the fourteenth President of the United States, and has descended through heritage to the mistress of the house, *née* McNeil.

Mantel clocks were made in Massachusetts in 1748 by the Willard Brothers. They were enclosed in cases of mahogany with scroll feet, the upper part of the case being narrower than the lower. Eli Terry was also a maker of clocks, he being the first to produce a tall clock with no dial, but a clock with numerals painted on the case. This was in 1792, he having learned the trade from Thomas Harland, who had constructed a few old-fashioned hanging clocks which he sold in his own town.

Through a design of Terry, the patent shelf clock came as a surprise, it being an absolutely new and improved model — an unheard-of thing in clockmaking in those days. Thus did he revolutionize the industry by constructing more compact, serviceable and cheaper timekeepers. It was in 1808 that he commenced to build five hundred at a time, which was considered a most foolhardy undertaking, as it was thought there were not enough people in the colonies to warrant it; but he proved the correctness of his judgment by disposing of them very rapidly.

We must not forget the banjo clock with its convex glass door over the face, its slim waist with brass ornaments running parallel to the curve of the box. These were designed in Massachusetts by Willard, the first as early as 1790, the more elaborate ones

between 1802 and 1820. They were made of mahogany, gilt wood, glass and brass, and particularly celebrated for their painted decoration. Many claim that the ball or acorn on top was designed by Willard and that Curtis, another noted clockmaker, used the eagle for ornamentation. A variation of this was the lyre type where two acanthus-leaf scrolls took the place of the straight and slender neck of the banjo model, the strings of the lyre being painted on enclosed glass.

The designs called Chippendale and Sheraton are most highly prized today. This is especially true in the long case clock, where the characteristics of the former are pilasters or pillars on the front corner, the latter showing fine inlay. In order to determine the age, it should be remembered that the earliest dials were plain, later ones silvered and richly ornamented; that a cherub head design was used for decoration about the year 1700, which was changed to two cupids surrounding a crown; that after 1740 patterns were more intricate and were applied just as they were cast.

Occasionally we come upon one of these clocks that chimes out the quarter, half and even hours. Often these are finished in lacquer in imitation of the Chinese and Dutch method. Nothing, we felt, would give us more pleasure than a clock which should form a decorative part of the furnishing.

CHAPTER XVI

THE HOUSE OF COLOR

Leaving Ye Olde Burnham House, we motored on through the little towns of Hamilton and Wenham, twin towns so closely interwoven that there was seemingly no boundary between.

The main road was originally known as the Bay Road, over which ran the eastern stagecoach, and at the left stood a little brown inn, formerly a halfway house between Newburyport and Salem, now used as a summer residence. Near here lived one Manassa Cutler, a minister who was the first in our country to write a scientific book dealing with American plants, and so accurate was it that it is still treasured as a standard by garden lovers. Beyond is the seat of the Myopia Hunt Club, a broad, level stretch of land on which the club house was built. Just beyond was a little seventeenth-century house, erected by one Robert Dodge, concerning which Cutler tells us he was invited to attend the frame-raising, and the following January a house-warming in which all the neighboring country folks participated. From here we dashed across country into Manchester and on to Magnolia, discussing meanwhile the coming of carriages in 1685.

John Winthrop was the happy possessor of a carriage, and Governor Andros drove one over the road from Portsmouth two years later. The same year Sir William Phipps cut quite a figure as he drove into

town seated inside his chariot and accompanied by coachman and footmen in livery. We also discussed the post-rider, an innovation that was most welcomed in the community, for he brought mail, which he handed to the landlord, who was paid for each letter delivered. Careless and good-natured were these innkeepers, so negligent of their duty that they threw the mail upon the table where anyone could come and get it. You may be sure each letter was diligently handled by the frequenters of the inn, thus often becoming so badly soiled that the address was unreadable.

So slow was news in those early days that Washington's death, on December 14, 1799, was not known in Boston until ten days later, yet our forefathers were wide-awake men, and soon gave thought to the promotion of better travel, which resulted in the opening of the turnpikes.

Magnolia, so called from the richly scented and rare magnolia trees that grow in the swamp near by, was originally known as Kettle Cove. At that time it was a part of Salem, the curious name being given to it on account of its formation, which resembled, so many people thought, a tea kettle.

In 1645, when it was first settled, there were only fourteen houses in the community, and a small schoolhouse which did duty as a church when a minister chanced to visit the settlement. On the moment of his arrival a call was sent out and every person attended, in spite of the fact that the sermons were long, the seats hard and the singing inharmonious.

It was here that William Morris Hunt had a studio named The Hulk. This was in the loft of a barn and in

THREE OLD TOBIES
HOUSE OF COLOR, MAGNOLIA, MASSACHUSETTS

TOBIES

Old Woman
Shepherd's Plaid

Parson
Sailor

order that he should not be intruded upon he drew the ladder up after him. Here some of his most famous pictures, including "Tom in the Felt Hat," "The Headsman," and "Gloucester Harbor" were painted. Many famous people came here, including Edward Everett Hale, James Freeman Clarke, and Lucy Larcom, as well as Martha Marion, the young girl who was drowned in Rafe's Chasm, a fissure in the rocks where the sea roars in. Today we find an iron cross raised here in memory of the sad event.

Not far away is Norman's Woe, the treacherous reef which suggested Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus."

Early American history tells many a story of Magnolia, for on the beach the *Invincible* was grounded after being chased by two British frigates, and still earlier the Indians held a permanent encampment here. Directly opposite lies a small island where tradition tells us dwelt an old witch, who pastured her cattle on the grassland. She had a beautiful daughter whom she desired to marry to a farmer's son, but the lassie had fallen in love with a British officer.

It was one dark and stormy day that the wedding was to be solemnized but in the morning the young girl escaped, and, standing on the water's edge, saw her lover in a small boat battling with the waves. He reached the shore just as the old witch came running down the hill and, in rage at her defeat, she cursed the land, which has never since been suitable grazing land for cattle.

In those days Thanksgiving was a notable event, and was celebrated by shooting-matches and greased-

pig races, with a dinner at a rambling old farmhouse now known as the House of Color.

Those were the days when the only public conveyance was a stagecoach which ran from Gloucester to Salem, starting every morning and arriving at the Essex House in Salem at noon, to return to the House of Color in late afternoon.

The house was a real tavern in the olden times, and was the social center both summer and winter. In winter, parties came in high-back green sleighs to partake of flip in the tap room, and afterwards dance in the double parlors to the music of a violin and flute. In summer time hayracks drove up to the tavern door in order that the passengers might indulge in a supper with dancing afterwards.

On the arrival of the guests, candles were placed in every pane of the "ordinary," and just outside the door was hung a lantern to guide the assembling crowd upon their way.

There was a warm welcome waiting them inside, a place by the stone hearth to warm frost-nipped fingers, and set rosy cheeks aglow. There were minuets, stately country dances, and games, such as blindman's buff and spin the cover. The older people entered into the merriment, adding to the hilarity.

We could imagine the rhythm of old gavottes, the swaying lilt of Gluck and Scarlatti. Square dances, including quadrilles, contra-dances, money musk and Virginia reels were most fashionable. It is told of one of the old Puritans that so dexterous was he on his feet that he held aloft a cup of tea, and saucer, as he whirled about, without spilling a drop. In 1848 the waltz,

mazurka, and round dances came into vogue, the earlier ones being denounced from the pulpit as immoral.

Dancing was looked upon with disfavor in many places, and we find in the old town records that landlords received warning from the General Court to discontinue them as well as the singing. If the dancers persisted, their names were recorded by the Constables to be presented to the authorities later on. During the forepart of the evening dark prints were worn, but at midnight, in many of the better taverns, they retired to the dressing room to don their party clothes, consisting of light-colored tarlatan, muslin, or possibly darker ones of delaine or debeige. Some, however, wore beautiful silks and satins. These had been brought over with their belongings in the old oaken chests.

The House of Color today is of the farmhouse type, but has been remodeled by the adding of dormer windows in the roof and the building of double verandas. The grounds are laid out into lawn, with an old-fashioned flower garden in the rear. Inside the house, true to its name, color has been considered. The principal tea room or dining room is at the left of the entrance, done in a color scheme of black and white with soft yellow hangings. Every room is finished in some different combination of colors.

Tobies were our next venture, for we remembered that on the shelves of the tap room were often arranged collections, such as one finds in England, inside the ale and chop houses. Most of them are Staffordshire, a few only being marked with the maker's name, and

a fascinating lot they were as they leered down upon us from their places on the shelves and counters.

Tobies are squatty little men, holding tight to their jugs and clad in gorgeous garments. It is a very easy matter to distinguish the genuine from the reproductions, for those of modern day are glossy and bright in finish.

The name was derived, so the story runs, from a quaint character in "Tristram Shanty," known as Uncle Toby. Whether this be true or not, we do know that they were much in use, not only in "ordinaries," but in private residences during the period in which Sterne's novel was published.

Many believe that these were bright colored, but here they err, for stone jugs were made in the early part of the seventeenth century by Flemish potters. No doubt they were used in the same manner as were the colorful tobies afterwards. It is not a hard matter to determine the period in which they came into use, the first one being scarcely more than a hollow figure with a handle attached. Gradually they grew to the semblance of a mug, and whereas the hat and cap which formed the cover originally lifted off, they now became fastened to the mug, forming the lid. Holland and France designed many quaint tobies, some of them of a convivial nature, representing national heroes. These were conspicuous in the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, proof of which is in the constant discovery of the similarity of some to the features of Wellington, Drake, General Howe and Lord Nelson. Occasionally one finds Napoleon Bonaparte. The English mugs depict Napoleon as tall, thin, or gro-

tesquely fat and dressed in queer garments, being labeled, "Bony."

Studying the records of 1760, we find rummy red nosed faces rather than gray ones. There is about them a generous rotundity and they show small flat arms and hands that make a feeble attempt to clasp each other over a well filled waistcoat. Those whose faces are partially covered by a flowing beard are known as "gray beards" or "Bilarmines." They were designed to caricature a very unpopular cardinal. It is extremely doubtful if any of these are treasured in our museums, but we know there are many to be found in South Kensington.

The English potters decorated the tobies in bright colors; the first ones can be identified, since they represent a man seated, holding his pipe or ale jug in his hand. They vary from full length to squatty, the former being known as the "jolly good fellow."

Few duplicates were ever put on the market and it was almost an impossibility to purchase them in pairs, although they were made in different colored sets. So popular did they become that potters of note delighted in designing unique ideas, such as the shepherd plaid, the drinking parson with his flowing white hair, the watchman seated with a lantern between his knees.

Gabriel Varden, so Dickens tells us, drank out of a mug such as one of these, it being constantly replenished by Dolly, who sat perched on the table close by him; and one wonders if she chose a gay Staffordshire jug, one where the little man was dressed in green trousers and a red coat.

This line of pottery was taken up at Bennington, Vermont, and is the only variety of pottery with a hallmark, which fact makes them highly prized by connoisseurs. Silver luster is rarely found, and when so it is almost impossible to decipher the face, it being so indistinct. Gold luster was also used and it is authoritatively stated that no less than nine types covered this period.

We still discover mugs of this description in the old "ordinaries," most of them originals, but occasionally we find a reproduction. These are easily distinguishable by chipping a bit off the bottom to reveal the clay, dark and gray in coloring. The effect of age is often produced on a toby by boiling it in beer. Another test is to write on them with a lead pencil, which, if it leaves a mark, proclaims the piece as spurious.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PIERCE TAVERN

Leaving Massachusetts far behind and crossing the State line into New Hampshire, we came upon new interests at every turn, and, resuming our tavern thoughts, it seemed almost impossible in these enlightened days to realize that years ago, maybe in these very towns, there were auctions of human beings — auctions, where criminals and paupers were sold, the former to the highest, the latter to the lowest, bidder. Lashes were also administered to criminals on the bare back. We learned that at Israel Clifford's tavern in Dunbarton, New Hampshire, one Gould, a sheep thief, was sold at public auction for "damages and costs," taxed at twelve pounds, twelve shillings, ten pence.

Paupers were sold in the tap room of the inn, and while the landlord served the thirsty guests with beer, they discussed the value of their victim's services. Although this revolting custom has passed away in New England, it has not entirely gone out of vogue in Pike's County, Pennsylvania, for we learn that not many years ago signs were posted, "A woman for sale," and Mrs. Almira Quick, seventy-seven years of age, went to the lowest bidder for keep for a year.

Whipping was a most common punishment, the victim being tied to a post, many of them glorying in their suffering. Sometimes the stocks were used, and

the culprits sat with feet imprisoned for a certain length of time. The scarlet letter method was occasionally used when nothing else would cure drunkenness. This happened to Robert Cowles, who, condemned in 1634 "for drunkenness, committed at Rocksborough, was disfranchised and ordered to wear about his neck hanging upon his outward garment a D made of redd cloth and sett upon white to continu this for a yeare, and not to have it off any time he come among company."

Slitting of the ears, principally for uttering malicious and scandalous speeches against either the government or church, was occasionally resorted to, but the most severe punishment of all was the cutting off of the ears or hands, and the slitting of the nostrils.

We sighted the New Hampshire hills as we neared our journey's end, one of the most interesting trips we had taken since starting, for all along the way stood many historic houses, particularly at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where the Governor Wentworth house attracted our attention, a charming old Colonial residence where, in the turbulent days of the Revolution, horses were kept saddled in the cellar and subterranean passages were built, leading out to the river, so that the Governor might slip off unnoticed should an attack occur.

Farther on was the old Warner house, the first brick one built in Portsmouth, the bricks brought over from England. This was erected by Captain MacPheadris, and was afterwards the home of Colonel Warner, a charming house filled with Revolutionary relics.

Then, as we entered Hillsborough, New Hampshire,

PIERCE TAVERN, HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Lee House, Marblehead, Massachusetts
Pierce Tavern, Hillsboro, New Hampshire
SCENIC WALLPAPER

we discovered a peaceful little community where meadow lands merge into pine-clad hills standing out sharply against the blue of the New Hampshire skies. We were fascinated with the rugged foothills bounded by stone walls and fences. Here we learned that its name was derived from the hills that enclose it.

We found it a bustling little town, the principal street lined on either side with manufacturing plants, stores and up-to-date buildings. The street led on for three miles, until we reached Hillsborough Bridge, that crossed a merry little stream that wound idly in and out among the rushes.

Not far distant from the little stream stood a large square colonial house known today as the Pierce Tavern. Years ago it was built by Governor Benjamin Pierce, one of New Hampshire's honored Governors. In the early days before railroads came into existence the stagecoach passed by the house, stopping frequently to discharge distinguished guests, for the latchstring was always out, and the guests knew that a warm welcome awaited them.

When Benjamin Pierce, a Revolutionary hero and politician, built this charming old house, it was considered the finest in all the countryside, and it was here that he brought his wife, Annie Kendrick, to whom eight children were born, the seventh of whom, Franklin, was destined to become a President of the United States.

In those days the mansion was surrounded by extensive grounds, defined by a paling fence, and at the rear were laid out beautiful gardens, most unusual at that period. In front, large graceful elms cast their

shade over the old homestead, while behind stood an ample stable where the Governor's equipages were stored.

The garden covered an acre or more. It was laid out into dividing walks, with here and there summer-houses and artificial ponds stocked with trout. Up and down strutted peacocks, spreading their many-eyed tails as they saw themselves reflected in the limpid pools. The garden is now but a memory, yet it was a favorite resort of the family and their guests and doubtless inside the vine-clad summerhouse sat many a politician of great repute.

During his collegiate days Hawthorne was a frequent guest, for he was one of Franklin Pierce's intimate friends. Proof of this we found by discovering their names linked together and carved into the bark of one of the trees.

As we drew up in front of the door, now graced by a modern-day veranda, we saw the old Governor come marching down the steps, mount his saddle horse to ride to the Exeter Court House, or possibly to Hopkinton, where, as a member of the New Hampshire Assembly, he served for many terms. Then the scene changed, and in imagination a stately coach rolled down the highway bound for the Capitol situated at Concord, New Hampshire. As it came in sight, drawn by four prancing horses, the good folks in the surrounding country flocked around, anxious to obtain a glance of the genial Governor.

We entered the house to find ourselves in a large, capacious hall which formerly extended through the center of the building. At the right was the dining

room and at the left the living room where in olden times the family delighted to gather at the hush of eventide. In those days it was consistently furnished, many of the rare old masterpieces passing into the hands of the descendants. In the Stark Mansion, at Dunbarton, New Hampshire, stand today the grandfather's clock, the sideboard, and the old saddle on which Franklin Pierce rode during the Mexican War, and many pictures of the Pierce family.

Of the original furnishings, the only trace today is the old scenic paper which, bright as the day it was first hung, is shown on the walls of the living room, a charming old wall hanging, depicting landscapes, tournaments and castles. As we entered the room, memories of its halcyon days came to us, and in imagination we heard Revolutionary heroes, visiting the old Governor, refight many a hard battle. Those were the days when political excitement ran high, and we knew that intimately mingling with renowned men was a lad with hazel eyes and curly brown locks, who afterwards as President sat among the dignitaries of the land.

The dining room, now lacking historic pieces, was most fascinating. Everything was done on a grand scale throughout the house, where in the cellar were annually stored twenty casks of wine, fifty barrels of cider and plenty of New England rum.

Across the street stands an old farmhouse which is of equal interest. This was the home of Franklin Pierce during his married life, a simple rambling structure, supplemented by a small shed at one side where during his lifetime the library of President Pierce was stored. Nothing has been disturbed since

the great statesman passed away, for his nephew, who has inherited the house, has carefully preserved the wonderful collection of books, portraits and autographs that were gathered during his uncle's lifetime. It was inspiring to visit this old farmhouse and see for ourselves the wonderful bits it contained. Among the portraits that lined the wall stood out one of Hawthorne, paid for by the late President and considered by experts to be the best of the author that has ever been executed.

Most interesting of all were the letters, many of them of inestimable value, especially those written by Hawthorne, Jefferson Davis and many of his old friends.

Nothing exceeded in romantic interest the old landscape paper, particularly today, when it has been revived in reproductions, and while the new landscape papers suggest the old ones they certainly have, many of them, been copied with faithful exactness.

The best example dates from twenty-five years immediately prior to the Revolution, leading on to fifty years afterward. One of these papers had interested us during our stay in Marblehead. It was on the Jeremiah Lee house built in 1760, the wall papers having been made to order in England to fit spaces. This fact was proved when a panel that peeled off several years ago was found to bear the inscription, "11 Regent Street, London. Between windows, upper hall."

Many of these papers were made in blocks instead of long rolls, the shading being often done by hand with the utmost care. Lovely tones of red, blue and brown produced quiet color effects through the use of

from fifteen to twenty sets of blocks. While many of these blocks are still in existence, since the World War Armistice it has been almost impossible to find workmen who can reproduce the original effects.

There lies a great charm in these old wall papers, for they express distinct ideas, a single theme elaborated upon and often decorating a whole room; — such as the mythological story of Cupid and Psyche, the manufacture of which required the use of fifteen hundred sets of blocks for the making of twelve panels.

One of the most exquisite French papers is the "Adventures of Telemachus," done in shades of soft green, red, peacock blue and white. This was a favorite novelty in Paris about 1820, when examples were sent to this country and are today found in the hall of Andrew Jackson's residence "The Hermitage," near Nashville, Tennessee, as well as in many other houses erected about that date.

Hunting scenes imported from Antwerp were popular in the early days of the past century. They are finished with remarkably brilliant colors, the dark green of the forest throwing into fine relief the red coats of the huntsmen and the yelping hounds. Don Quixote paper is rarely found, being considered one of the three rarest pictorial papers in the country. It is finished in tones of brown upon a cream-white background, and depicts many fascinating scenes that are well worth study.

Scenes from Paris were much in vogue during Washington's and John Adams's administrations. "The Seasons" is a fine landscape paper, pictured in neutral tint with no sharp contrast, and represents the sowing

of seeds, the harvesting of the crops and snow scenes.

One, very little known, is the "Paris Monuments." This comes in eighteen-inch sections, thirty strips in all, and depicts the front of the Invalides' Hospital, the Abbey St. Germain, the Bourbon Palace, Luxembourg Palace, the Tuileries, the triumphal gate of St. Denis, and the steeple of St. Stephen's. Another unique wall-hanging shows the Mosque of Omar, Oriental scenes done in color. Possibly one of the most interesting is a French paper in sepia tones that portrays the life history of a French gallant of the eighteenth century. Each of these scenes is surrounded by rococo scrolls, and we find represented a quarrel over dice, an "affair of honor," a proposal of marriage, and an elopement.

CHAPTER XVIII

DEERFIELD INN

The time for our sojourn among taverns was on the wane, and yet we felt there was one town that we had looked forward to visiting which must not be neglected, and that was Deerfield, Massachusetts, where we knew we should find silver-weathered houses, pretty, fenced-in dooryards and quiet, shady streets. All along our tour we had found everywhere something friendly in our meeting with neighbors, more especially those of the old-fashioned type who lived in the pleasant green yards that surrounded their homes. As we motored down long, shady aisles where the black arches of the pines stood out against the sky, we often felt very far away from the world and worldly things.

The historic town of Deerfield, which lies in a pleasant valley, is three miles south of Greenfield and thirty-three miles north of Springfield. Originally it was known as Pocumtock, but in November, 1674, it took on the name by which it has been known ever since. Extending through the town is a main street, one of the most picturesque we had seen during our trip, for on either side were charming old seventeenth century houses, many of them of historic interest. This street is frequently spoken of as Old Street, possibly from the fact that it is the central one of the village.

A study of each and every house, while of vital

interest, would take weeks and even months to compass. This town was one of the first to take up the arts and crafts movement, and at every turn we find an interesting study of furniture, embroidery, rag mats and metal work brought together each year for a general exhibition. In that which is possibly the most interesting house of all, is housed a wonderful collection of photographs commemorative of the olden days when Deerfield ranked among the foremost towns in colonial history. It was here that the battle of "Bloody Brook" took place, where water was turned to blood when the "choice company of young men, the very flower of the County of Essex," met their fate on September 18, 1675, by an attack from Indians, who swarmed on every side like infernal hornets, taking life as they moved on. We visited their grave and found a red sandstone slab in a doorway not many yards distant, on which is inscribed the story of the tragedy.

Then we passed on to the Parson Williams house, built in 1707, finding many features here unaltered since the days in which it was first erected. From there we passed by the Frary house, which is the oldest in Franklin County, and we were told that it was the only one which escaped that terrible conflagration in 1704 when the owner lay slain and the wife was captured, only to meet a similar fate on the march.

Then we reviewed that terrible time when, in spite of frequent alarms, the inhabitants slept soundly. On the night of February 29, 1704, the drifting snow lay high outside the palisades, for many had sought refuge within this stockade which stood just above Deerfield Inn, large enough to shelter all of the

Swan Pattern
Flower Pattern
HOOKED RUGS

Parrot Pattern
HOOKED RUG

colonists. This wall was twelve to fourteen feet in height, and was considered so secure that we may well imagine the surprise when over the hills the painted Indians poured like a flood into the little settlement, leaping the palisades and capturing one hundred and eleven of the settlers. This event was spoken of with awe, for it is still remembered as the great tragedy of the community.

Those were the days when most of the townspeople were Whigs, who, fearless of speech, proclaimed their views when they mingled together at the David Hoyt Tavern (Indian House). More particularly did this occur when the Boston Tea Party was the subject of the day, and through it all Parson Asley drank his tea, defying the edict by giving a tea party, while his son presented a pound to the Tory Parson's wife at Greenfield.

We recalled the appearance of Goffe at Hadley, as told by the Honorable George Sheldon of Deerfield, Massachusetts, and so interested did we become in the incident, which has been so debated among men of letters, that we felt when leaving this historic town we would visit Hadley to see if we could find out more concerning the tradition.

Hadley, being not far distant from Deerfield, received the alarm, her men reaching the scene of conflict in three or four hours' time. Thus are the two sister towns closely related in the terrible tragedy.

It was here, on the sixth of May, 1775, that Benedict Arnold, commissioned by the Committee of Safety in Watertown to raise men for the attack of Ticonderoga, came, putting up at the Frary House, then

used as a tavern, and now one of the most memorable houses, fitted up by the present owner to represent the period in which it was built.

The wonderful old doorways, surpassing any in New England, caught our eye, and these, together with the houses, formed an interesting study in our tavern tour.

Deerfield Inn, where we were to spend the night, is situated on the west side of a broad street in the quiet old town, near the grounds of the celebrated stockade, and just north of the old brick meeting house, which is one of the most beautiful specimens of early colonial ecclesiastical architecture in New England, being on the direct highway between New York and the White Mountains and only three miles distant from the Mohawk Trail.

Originally, the old building, which has been much added to, was used for the prosaic purpose of making brooms, for this was a very prominent industry in the olden times — so much so that teams were constantly passing over the State road, carrying the produce not only throughout New England but over the Canadian border.

Large fields were sown with broom grass, needed for the successful carrying out of the industry, but today all signs of it have disappeared. The fields are waving with grass, and all along the roadway that we traversed in seeking the Inn we noticed turf borders, with footpaths leading up to colonial doors.

The Inn itself, or rather the modernized broom factory, is a large comfortable building surrounded by verandas, tree shaded and close to the road. One felt

the air of hospitality as one entered the hallway, from which, as in every modernized colonial tavern, large square rooms opened out, the most alluring of them being the office, resembling very much the old tap room of other days.

The dining room, a large roomy one, was fitted up as nearly as possible in the colonial style. We were served with the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century food, for it was a plan here to avoid as far as possible modern meals, replacing them with those partaken of in the old days, when the colonists loved to gather around the fire in the old tap room.

The old-fashioned rug came into fashion in old tavern days, when the wife and daughters of the landlord spent their spare time in braiding coverings to be laid on the wide board floors.

In studying the mats, which were found in Deerfield, we learned of the collecting of material to be used in the dyeing and were told it meant many a long walk through the woods in order to gather what the Indians had indicated as proper plants for each color.

The making of a pulled rug, we imagined, formed many an excuse for merrymaking and the fire room resounded with the busy hum of voices as looms were set up, patterns compared, and the pulling started.

The first pulled rugs had a foundation of homespun linen, coarse in quality, but durable, and the patterns, similar in design, were marked out by the good wife and her daughter, for pattern books were not purchasable, so that lack of originality is found in the early one, which made them ugly, crude in coloring, and, while undeniably durable, most commonplace in motif.

Few people realize that many of the patterns are copied from old tapestries, often showing a flowered center and flower and fern border, such as we can sometimes find in bits that have been sent overseas when commerce was at its height.

Other rugs are probably taken from old Spanish designs, as the scroll pattern shows, thick, soft, deep in pile, sinking under the foot much like a velvet carpet. One of these attracted us. It had a gray background with black border and bright flowers in the center, — such a gay little rug that we could not resist it.

The material used was generally cotton or wool, although the flowers were often made of yarn in order to give them a soft effect. They were pulled through the canvas with great, heavy needles, so heavy that it would have taxed the strength of a modern worker; then, when finished, it was clipped until absolutely even. Today we have discovered that more delicate effects are produced by uneven clipping.

We realized that so fashionable had these old rugs become that they could be used in any room of the house, even taking their place beside imported or Oriental ones, vying with them in artistic combination. Among the floral patterns the daffodil and rose were most popular, and in their making a black background was used, pink flowers standing out much more effectively from gray. Charming little black cats, hunching up their backs, were the delight of the children, and were especially suitable for the hearth.

Braided rugs are either round, oval or square. In the making, the strips are cut two or two and a half inches wide, sewn together to form either solid colors

or hit-and-miss colors, before rolling them into balls, three of which are necessary for the braiding. A stout needle and cotton suitable to hold it should be used.

Today we have the advantage of being able to purchase burlap or ticking to be used as a foundation, and patterns come to us stamped to order, thus allowing us to make much more beautiful productions than in the olden days.

CHAPTER XIX

GROTON INN

The little town of Groton is most picturesque. It is situated in Middlesex County and was settled in 1655, taking the Indian name Petapawag. The main road that leads from Boston to Canada runs directly through the little town, and it was a famous stagecoach road. After forest trails had developed, quantities of wagons coming from all parts of the country and drawn by four or six horses came slowly down the road. They were heavily laden with grain, butter, eggs and pelts. On the return trip they brought back molasses, sugar and New England rum. It was not an uncommon sight in warm weather, before the snow lay heavy upon the ground, to view forty teams passing through the settlement, each one drawing up at the tavern to obtain refreshment and news. Besides this there were smaller vehicles drawn by one or two horses, and occasionally a private carriage.

The main street was lined on either side with fine houses, some of which were used for the housing of students — Lawrence Academy being opened in 1793, and the Groton School not many years later. Close by was Gibbit Hill, one of the highest elevations of land, where tradition tells us a red man was hung on the crest. Love Lane is another interesting spot. In reality it was an old highway which has become a favorite rendezvous for lovers, a tree-shaded street that leads through a quiet part of the village.

GROTON INN, GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS
SILVER LUSTER

GROTON INN
ANTIQUE COPPER LUSTER WARE

Groton was one of the last of the New England towns to give up the ringing of the curfew, and it was not until 1860 that it was discontinued. During the period of its existence the two meeting houses, Orthodox and Unitarian, stood side by side, each one ringing the curfew in turn.

Groton Inn is a charming old hostelry, built as a homestead, and opened as an "ordinary" just before the Revolutionary War. It has been enlarged considerably since that period, yet how picturesque it is as it stands just back of the road, shaded by trees!

Captain Jonathan Keep was the first landlord, who proclaimed it as a temperance house, much to the disgust of the weary, footsore traveler who sadly missed his liquor. Afterwards it was run by three sisters named Hoar. In olden times the stage drivers sat before the open fire or rested themselves in bunks that had been put up at the further end of the room. At one side of the door where they entered was a desk in which were kept sheepskin slippers, which were donned by each driver upon his entrance.

One side of the room, which is now finely wainscoted, was so built that it could slide up, throwing the rooms into one and allowing for dancing. It was here that the Masons held their meetings, liquor which was to be had during these days being brought up from the cellar, where it was carefully stored. The legend runs that one poor, unfortunate man, desirous of becoming a Mason, stood waiting his call for initiation. The landlady, full of fun, came solemnly into the room, placing a gridiron on top of the air-tight stove; not once did she come, but many times, walking up to the gridiron,

wetting her finger, and touching it to see if it sizzled. This frightened the neophyte and the last seen of him was when he disappeared through the door, never to return.

The walls of the hallway are today hung with scenic paper, and the rooms have been divided so that there are smaller ones that open off at the left. We were interested in a china cupboard, and were told that it was a special one, owned by the Trustees of Lawrence Academy, who were wily enough to enter into business relations with the landlord of the inn, and made provision in the by-laws that each year there should be a dinner provided for the Trustees, to take place in this inn.

Back of the hallway is a large dining room which was used during the time of Joseph Hoar's occupancy. After his death the name was changed to the Central House by his three daughters, who were in charge for many years. Today it has come back into its own, and the name Groton Inn links itself with many memories of the past.

In exterior it resembles an old colonial inn that came into existence about 1800. The modern improvement has been the adding of verandas. It is much sought after on account of the charming country and the notable schools in close proximity.

We were very much interested in an old German musical clock, made more than two centuries ago, which in its earlier days stood out prominently in the old inn, sending forth choice musical selections on the striking of the hour.

Antique luster particularly attracted our attention.

We knew there was no ware more varied in tone than this, for it ranges from the silvery sheen to the rosy glow, finished with a plain, smooth, satiny surface or elaborate designs.

Technically speaking, the term "luster" denotes an old English ware, metallic in appearance and which was designed in 1320, being familiarly known at that time as "Hispana-Moresque Pottery, antedating that of Gubbio." The earliest specimens are gold, copper and light yellow, the deeper coloring not being used until later.

Much of this ware is wonderfully ornamented, and it has been designed in exquisite shapes so beautifully colored that it well deserves the name of "Gilded Works". When first placed upon the market it became so popular that it eventually was demanded all over the then known world. Like other inventions, it was soon taken up in Barcelona and Valencia, that made in the former city being notable, as it was finished in wonderful tints of ruby, a rich coloring that is almost never found. This fact caused it to bring fabulous prices. Proof of this is shown in the fact that a dish of this kind was sold June 2, 1902, in London, bringing seventy-nine pounds sixteen shillings, or about four hundred dollars. It had never been out of the family since its first purchase, and was considered so important a piece that it was mentioned in Macaulay's History of England, on account of its figuring at a dinner that was given to Lord Faversham by the Bridges of Wester Zoyland, Bridgewater, previous to Monmouth's defeat.

Nothing has ever been designed that can compare with Spanish and Italian ware, both in beauty and in

finish. The Saracens were responsible for the exquisite shape, style and coloring of the latter. The most famous and graceful of these originated in the city of Gubbio, where dwelt the master of the art, one Georgio Andreoli, whose masterpieces exhibit ruby tints and are as brilliant and gleaming as a polished gem. Under his régime silver luster took on a new life, for he produced effects of moonlight on the water. Needless to say many of these were exquisite and unrivaled when they took on the golden and green shades. There are signed bits of his product that date back to 1519 and 1537.

Silver luster was extensively manufactured in England for a period, and brought large sums of money, but today, the output having ceased, it has become very rare, being superseded by a cheaper article which, while more durable, does not bring the same price. The first silver luster put on the market was a cheap, glittering imitation, silvered inside and out in order to hide the deception. Mugs, bowls and tea sets were treated in this manner, the coloring being often combined with gold.

Numerous candlesticks were made which were shaped much like the sterling ones. Coffee pots, hot-water pots, cream and cider jugs, were also made, each one distinguished by its fine shape and generous proportions. These pieces, which are rare, are highly prized by collectors.

Wedgwood became interested in this ware, and there are several specimens of his handiwork found at the Wedgwood Institute at Burslam and the Hanley Museum. One of these represents an old coffee pot with a figure seated upon the lid, found at the

Albert Museum and identified by its marking. There is another piece, a figure of Cupid, which was owned by Reverend G. Skene. This shows a warm, red glow under the luster.

The rarest pieces that can be found today are the silver-tinted type, although the rose-spotted Sunderland brings a far larger price, it being a close second, and far different from that known as copper luster, ungainly in shape and made of a coarse red earthenware.

In 1830, known as the second period, luster may easily be distinguished by a pimply look in the glaze. This has been produced through bad dipping, and standing upright afterwards, which gave the glaze an opportunity to drip and collect in lumps. The ugliness was added to by the gaudy flowers painted on the exterior. As none of these were marked they are easily known.

A grievous story was brought to light when a collector in the South bought a piece of luster, just after the Civil War. It was the last of a few bits that had been saved by a negro mammy, for when the china was buried it was badly broken by the Union soldiers running their bayonets into the earth under which it was hidden. This piece was a Cornwallis jug on which was shown the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The opposite side represented Lafayette with a laurel wreath on his head.

The present-day fad for collecting luster has naturally caused a rise in value, so that specimens which brought practically nothing a few years ago cannot be purchased today save for fabulous sums, although beauty and design of shape determine its value. The

pink luster is perhaps one of the most interesting, more especially pieces which show transfer or printed patterns such as hunting scenes, Masonic emblems and figures, many of which were the work of Enoch Wood.

Rarely do we come across a piece of violet or purple luster, which is similar to the pink, and yet assumes a different color through a variation in the process of finish, but of the different kinds there are so many and so varied that it would be impossible to describe them all without going into tiresome detail.

CHAPTER XX

THE WRIGHT TAVERN

One place that we were anxious to visit was Concord, Massachusetts, for here the famous fight took place.

We stopped on our way at Lexington, at the Monroe Tavern, built in 1695, where the exhausted British troops rested on the afternoon of the battle, using the house as headquarters and also as field hospital, ransacking the rooms for linen, piling the furniture in the barroom, setting it on fire; using the ceiling for target, and bayoneting John Raymond, an inoffensive serving man, on the doorsteps. When they left, tradition tells us that the floor of the living room was inches deep with blood. Here President Washington dined on November 5, 1789, while on his way to view the spot on which the first blood was spilt, April 19, 1775.

From there we motored to Concord to pass over the old North Bridge, the scene of the Concord fight. This was such a historic old town that we felt it well repaid a visit, so, starting at the Monument, we went first to the Old Manse, once occupied by Nathaniel Hawthorne, which stood at the end of a long avenue of once stately but now decaying trees; thence on past the Ralph Waldo Emerson house, built just before the opening of the Revolutionary War by Rev. William Emerson, the minister of Concord, who from his window watched the memorable fight.

The interesting old meeting house stands by the

Wright Tavern, where we proposed to spend the night. A new church has replaced the ancient structure erected in 1712 and famous as the meeting place of the first Provincial Congress in October, 1774. In those days the old church stood with its side to the road and was finished, as were many of that time, without bell or cupola.

It was to this town that Paul Revere came bringing word that the British were on their way so that Concord could prepare to receive the enemy.

Leaving here we visited the famous house occupied by Louisa Alcott, an old homestead composed of two houses joined together. It stood back from the road and we imagined that we might meet the renowned authoress, either wandering around the grounds or sitting in her favorite seat which surrounded an old tree near the house, possibly chatting with Hawthorne, who dwelt in the house close by, and who often, although a recluse, paid visits to the old Orchard Home.

Every inch of ground was historic, more so than any place we had previously visited, for Henry D. Thoreau was also a resident of the town, at a time when it was the Mecca of literature. This little town, so linked with romance, literature and tragedy, held more interesting facts concerning the olden days than could possibly be gathered during our brief sojourn.

The Wright Tavern, which stood at the junction of two roads, was, we knew, one of the most fascinating of the many inns it had been our good fortune to visit. It was opened about 1747 by one Ephraim Jones, a captain of the militia, passing later on, about the

WRIGHT TAVERN, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Departure and Return from School
OLD COTTON

Chinese
Peacock
OLD COTTONS

year 1751, into the possession of one Thomas Monroe. It is a quaint colonial tavern, still showing the swinging sign just as it had long years ago when Pitcairn was left in command.

Colonial in architecture, it stands facing the road — as it did when it was the headquarters of the patriots on the early morning of April 19, 1775, and later on when occupied by the British officers, headed by Major Pitcairn, who made his famous boast, as he stirred his morning dram, that before the day was over he would stir the damned Yankees' blood as well.

This was the first inland town that had been founded in the Bay Colonies. Settled in 1635, it had become one of the most important of the inland communities. With the coming of the Provincial Congress deposits of arms and military stores were made here by order of Congress, for at this period the making of firearms and the casting of balls had become a most important industry.

When the first gun was fired on the day of Concord's fight, and the whole town had been roused into action, causing two hundred men, representing every family in town, to enter the battle, little wonder that the mothers, daughters and sweethearts came to the old tavern that they might have company, and also obtain the latest news. That was an important day in the community, for the minute men, who had, over their tankards, discussed the coming of the Revolution, had started on their way, and the sound of musketry was heard.

Little wonder that we were desirous of staying on at this old tavern, so memorable on account of the part taken here during the Concord fight, so we studied

with interest the old tap room that lies off at the right, the old fireplaces around which the militia had discussed the coming battle, drinking in patriotism as they sipped their flip.

Not far distant stands the old Colonial Inn, today comprised of three old houses grouped in one, and used as a hostelry. Here arms were hidden in 1775. How well is the name "Concord" fitted to this quiet town, for the surrounding country, with its meadows, rivers and hills, suggests restfulness; the literary flavor for which it is especially celebrated fills the air, and tales connected with the Concord fight are still told by the oldest inhabitant.

Old printed cottons, growing more and more rare each year as the source of supply decreases, caught our attention, for what could be more pictorial than these painstaking designs, many of which have a fascinating story. Often we know them by the name "printed chintz" which is a word of Hindoo origin, employed to designate cotton cloths printed in many different colors and often glazed.

The early hand-block designs were crude, indistinct and blurry, and were used principally for hangings, and curtains, for the texture had a coarse, rough finish. It was during the latter part of the eighteenth century that finer material was used, better finished and delicate in execution and artistic design.

The English fabricators copied largely from French designs, so that it is very difficult to say precisely where each piece originated. We do know that the French texture is better, because the French used imported material which was much finer, and when

they commenced to manufacture their own textures they used a mixing of linen and cotton.

The golden age of printing by hand was that which included the year 1760, corresponding to the time that Chippendale commenced to make furniture. Queen Anne's period is known by intertwining spirals and delicately balanced floral combinations, in which there is an introduction of Chinese atmosphere; the finest of all are exotic bird patterns, although flowers and foliage, daisies and porcelains are all Oriental.

For color schemes, pink, blue, green and more brilliant orange and red are the predominating colors, showing a transition from the Chippendale through the Gothic up to the Heppelwhite and Sheraton. One of the most interesting was a rendering in a double-paneled picture which is an adaptation of Moreland's painting of "Departure from Home" of the child and his subsequent return. The color scheme is red and white, which marks it as a very early period.

Chinese Chippendale is one of the choicest designs finished in rose red and white, the shading of the leaves, the expressive poise of the figures being excellent, for we find the peasant gracefully swinging on the curved branch of an exotic flowering vine, the whole effect embodying grace and the best period of the golden age of art.

Well might these be called pictures or gardens in print, so beautiful are they in coloring and design, many of the specimens surviving the test of time, and standing out unequaled today. The English printers were often silk weavers who had settled down around London and established themselves in their respective

trades, for the competition of the imported Oriental chintz was an incentive which soon caused very close imitation, and eventually the Anglicizing of even the name "chint" into chints, or chintz.

Up to the end of the seventeenth century these prints were not cheap, for in an old diary of 1690 there is recorded: "Gave thirty-three pounds for one parcel of Atlass, etc. I gave to dear wife," and "thirty-eight pounds for one India quilt for bed." In 1631 the East India Company was allowed by royal proclamation to import amongst other things printed "calicoes," under which heading were included several kinds of Indian cottons, and these were used for the most part in the better class of work. The home-woven materials of this early period of hand-printing were like coarse canvas, and were doubtless either destroyed by subsequent owners or covered up by a newer material; in some cases old horsehair-covered walnut chairs, apparently Victorian, reveal underneath the horsehair successive coverings. It is in this way that most of the few surviving fragments of the earlier crude type have been preserved.

It was not until the last quarter of the eighteenth century that home-produced fabrics were generally used. But the new and improved processes of printing in the mid-century brought the printed cottons into such high favor that the silk-weavers, feeling the effect upon their market, were forced to protest. This they did with increasing vigor and venom.

The designs followed in a great measure the historic period of the nation. In the time of Louis XVII and Marie Antoinette the shepherd's crook and pipes

became decorative and ornamental designs. During the Napoleonic era pyramids, Isis and Osiris, and the old Nile gods and goddesses, gaudily bedecked camels and military trappings were used. There were many fashionable romances pictured under Louis XVIII and Charles X, village weddings, pastoral scenes, ladies and lovers, which makes it an easy matter to fix approximately the date of the piece by the design.

The family quarrel and reconciliation comes in four panels, the soft purple and white tones creating a charm that rests the eye, for in the four detached scenes a whole story is unraveled. The demand for chintz or printed linen has never diminished; in fact, so great is it that the supply is inadequate. The designs include rose-colored honeysuckle with blue green leaves, bouquets of old-fashioned flowers in rose and blue, or a narrow trellis of tiny flowers marking the background into blocks.

These might be termed gardens of chintz, more especially where they display charming color notes on a soft background, and particularly are they beautiful when they are used for panel effects, and the color scheme carried out in hangings.

CHAPTER XXI

THE SAMOSET HOUSE

We are apt to think of our early ancestors as clothed in simple raiment, in unison with the wilderness of the country; to picture them as walking demurely to the meeting house clad in plain gray, giving little thought to worldly garments. Here we err, for the laborers wore coarse linen shirts and striped breeches of the same material, and the women came attired in petticoats and half gowns drawn by a cord around the waist, wearing boots that made a loud thumping as they passed into the meeting house. The well-to-do endeavored to rival each other in fine clothes.

Particularly was this so in the little town of Ipswich, where many of the settlers were accustomed to fine clothing, having descended from nobility. They scorned the use of homespun and coarse linen; in fact, so many of them were gaily plumed that they proved an annoyance to the dignitaries, — so much so that in 1649 the General Court entered complaint concerning "the greate superfluous and unnecessary expense occasioned by reason of some newe and immodest fashion such as the wearing of silver, golde, silk laces, girdles, hat bands, and so forth." No doubt they did need admonition, for surely their apparel was gorgeous, more especially that worn by Madam Symonds, wife of the Deputy Governor, and her little coterie, all of whom sent to England for fine clothing that they might be dressed in the latest fashion.

VIEW OF MARBLEHEAD NECK, 1797
Fireboard

ANTIQUE BOTTLES

Washington
Shield

American Eagle
Tree

Men also donned finery, wearing a loose-fitting coat which reached below the hips, with a long, full waistcoat underneath. In baggy trousers reaching to the knee, with long stockings held in place by garters tied with a bowknot at one side, they walked abroad with their doublet sleeves slashed, the better to display the linen shirt sleeves worn underneath. Then came wigs, considered an unspeakable sin by many, yet several of the ministers donned them, for we find silhouettes showing that they were worn. It is said of Judge Sewall that he was so incensed with their use, calling them "Horrid Bushes of Vanity," that he refused to listen to his own minister, who wore one, and it is also said that Richard Bartlett, 1752, in Newbury, refused to commune on account of his pastor wearing one, being justified, however, by the church for so doing. So vehement was he that "he sticks not from time to time to assert with the greatest assurance that all who wear wigs, unless they repent of that particular sin before they die, will certainly be damned, which we judge to be a piece of uncharitable and sinful rashness."

If it was charm we were seeking — and romance — a glimpse back into the hearty days when Yankee ships manned by Yankee crews held their own with any that sailed the seas, we would find them, we knew, at Marblehead Neck, with which, for natural beauty, few spots on the rocky New England coast can compare. The yachts were riding in the harbor at Great Neck as we drove upon the causeway, leaving a white surge of dividing trails as they passed in and out of the landlocked harbor.

"The Neck," as it is familiarly called, was originally

a neglected tract of land used for pasturage and picnic purposes; barren, rocky and unpromising as it looked, it has developed into a city by the sea, with a flavor of romance, reminiscent of the dash and picturesqueness of the past. One wanders around the streets expecting to come upon some ancient ghost, or hoary-headed salt, exuding tales of the sea and its old-time faring, when it was "the great adventure" to take ship and every lad's heart leaped to be a sailor.

It is a gem of a sea resort, standing out from among the other summer resorts of New England like a bit of jade surrounded by pearls, so quaint and rugged is it, turreted about with rocks and promontories. Here East sends its noisy greeting to West, South swings close to North, as we work our way through the city of masts. There is dipping of pennants, booming of guns, announcing visitors on board, and above it all rings out the musical cadence of ship bells.

To those who have never visited the Neck we love to tell the points of interest. First is the "Churn," situated on the ocean side, throwing often a spray forty feet into the air, and woe to the unlucky mortal who stands in its path, for in an unwary moment he is drenched. To the right stands Castle Rock, with its face looking heavenward, entirely unconscious of the lovers hidden away in its various nooks and crannies.

The Samoset House stands on the harbor side, and was originally owned by the possessor of this Neck, who predicted, thus making himself a laughing stock, that it would one day be covered with houses. Colonial in architecture, with a wide veranda across the front, close by the Eastern Yacht Club, it is a favorite ren-

dezvous, more especially when yachts are anchoring all along the quiet landlocked harbor. Then, as it was our good fortune to observe, a holiday aspect is assumed: flags are swung lining verandas; Japanese lanterns add to the color scheme as graceful yachts in their bridal robe of white, quivering with the motion of the waves, come nosing around the rock-bound point, followed by others working their way up the harbor, for the season is on and an ocean race expected.

All through the day — for we lingered on anxious to see it — there was a wave of excitement felt by all who formed the little colony living inside the old Samoset house. We eagerly scanned the yachting books to distinguish names that corresponded with the pennants swung aloft. Dress parade was at four o'clock, and, as eight bells rang musically out, a line of pennants swung from bow to topmast and on to stern, and guns boomed incessantly, while the band played patriotic airs. Then came the sunset hour, and flags were lowered, to be replaced by many-colored electric lights, and the sound of music lingered in the air until the national anthem proclaimed the day was over.

It was a scene never to be forgotten, and we rejoiced that we had turned our steps backward to this charming peninsula and had been fortunate enough to witness it in gala-day attire.

Sadly we parted, feeling it was a suitable ending to our tavern-hunting holiday.

In the old town across the way we searched for treasures to add to our growing collection, and we hit upon some fascinating old bottles such as could be easily tucked away in hand bags. How quaint they

were, differing in hue and decoration. Curious old designs illustrating, many of them, important events in our nation's progress. Faces of distinguished people who had been prominent in our country's history, as well as notable events which had transpired, were found in a colonial house where Colonel Pedrick reviewed his troops on rainy days.

The first manufacture of glass bottles was undertaken in the Virginia colony about a mile from Jamestown. This stood in the heart of the woodland, and other manufacturers made glass beads as well. For the first seventy years of the nineteenth century, there were manufactured flasks and bottles, the decorations being borrowed from pottery made by the English to attract American trade.

Colors and sizes were varied, the scarred base and sheared neck being the oldest, the latter being sheared with scissors, leaving it irregular and without a finishing band, while the bottom depicted a rough circular scar, left when broken from the molding bar which held it while the workmen finished the neck.

Between 1850 and 1860 smooth and hollowed bases appeared. These were designed by using a "snap" or case to hold the bottle, thus doing away with the molding bar.

The designs were worked out in transparent white, pale blue, sapphire blue, light green, emerald green, olive, brown, opalescent or claret color. Twenty-nine different designs bear some form of the American eagle; nineteen display the head of Washington; thirteen that of Taylor.

The very earliest were slender and arched in

formation, with edges horizontally corrugated. After that came an oval shape with edges ribbed vertically. Next were almost circular formations with plain rounded edges, some specimens showing a collar at the mouth. After that we find the calabash, or decanter form, no longer flattened and shallow, but almost spherical, with edges that show a vertical corrugation, ribbing or fluting. These had long, slender necks finished with a cap at the top, and a smoothly hollowed or a hollowed and scarred base.

In this way we learned to know their age, for we were told that the next step was to design them arched in form, deep and flattened, showing vertically corrugated edges, a short, broad neck, finished with a round, narrow heading, the base being either scarred or flat. Then came, last of all, the modern flask shape, arched with broad shoulders, narrow base, plainly rounded edges and a return of the flattened and shallow type of the earliest manufacture. The neck having a single or double beading at the top and the base either flat, or smooth and hollowed.

We learned that the Kossuth and Jenny Lind bottles were made about 1850, and that the Taylor or Taylor and Bragg bottles belonged to the Mexican War period, probably designed in 1848. One of these was most interesting, for it bore Taylor's historic command, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg." This was given at the battle of Buena Vista. Another Taylor type showed Washington on one side and Taylor on the other with the motto, "General Taylor Never Surrenders." Unlike the other, this was circular, of the canteen shape.

The first railroad, represented by a horse drawing along a rail a four-wheeled car heaped with cotton bales and lumps of coal, is considered the very oldest design of decorated glass in our country. The figure runs lengthwise and bears the legend "Success to the Railroads." Probably these were made about 1825.

Some of the Washington designs were earlier, as were the eagle and United States flag. Masonic decorations came in from 1840 to 1850, and during the notable Harrison "hard cider" campaign of 1840 the log cabin appeared,—not only in bottles, but in inkstands, cider barrels and beehives as well as dark brown whiskey bottles made by a New Jersey glass firm for a liquor merchant in Philadelphia who chose this daring method for advertising his wares when political excitement ran high.

During the period of the stormy thirties, the Jackson bottle appeared. The "Hero of New Orleans" was represented in a throat-cutting collar which entirely obscured his ears. To an earlier period belonged the Franklin bottle, with a Latin motto around the edge, as well as those showing portraits of General Lafayette and DeWitt Clinton. Probably these came into use when the Erie Canal was opened in 1825, for both of these gentlemen took a prominent part in the opening exercises. Flasks bearing these decorations are found in a variety of colors, dark brown, transparent white, emerald green, and sapphire blue, all of which came from a glass factory situated in Coventry, Connecticut.

Many bottles are of unknown origin. These are decorated with horns of plenty, vases of flowers, sheaves of wheat, ships and eight-pointed stars, and a

bold Pike's Peak Pilgrim, with staff and bundle, celebrating the passage of the Rocky Mountains. There were also fancy designs such as fishes, pickles, cigars, violins, and lanterns. To this class belongs the Moses bottle, known by the name of Santa Claus, of clear and colorless glass, with a string fastened around the neck and attached to each end of a stick that crosses the top.

In the Metropolitan Museum at New York there is a comprehensive exhibit of rare Venetian bottles that are well worthy of study. Many of these are of the beautiful crackle-glass, made by plunging the half-blown bottle into cold water and then reheating in order to hold together the partly shivered fabric.

CHAPTER XXII

YE 1711 INN

As we started to visit our last tavern, a feeling of sadness came to us and we looked on every side as we motored along tree-shaded roads or followed some alluring byway, hoping that we should find some new feature that we could bring home with us to add to the many charming scenes we had viewed.

The mellowing days of late September lay soft upon the land, tempting the busy landlord to fling wide open the tavern door that the sweet fresh air might pour in. Through it came the musical chirp of the katydid and the buzz of the bee as he flitted busy among the clover tops, gathering honey for his winter food. Just beyond lay a young brook that wound on in lazy reaches through water meadows; farther along stood cascades of goldenrod, the latest flower of all.

On the opposite bank were grouped the good wives of the settlers, busy with their knitting, while their tongues wagged merrily. The midday hour was past and the landlady, the queen of the kitchen, attracted by the voices, came to the open door, then, attended by her coterie, walked slowly down the grassy slope to seat herself on the opposite side of the river, to retail choice bits of gossip or a receipt or two.

The landlord's wife was a power behind the throne, and it fell to her lot to look well to the ways of the

YE 1711 INN, MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT
STORM AT SEA BANDBOX

BANDBOXES

Balloon Ascension
After the Hunt

New York Post Office
Flowers and Italian Gardens

household by performing miracles in cooking. On the wide-mouthed hearth of the open fire stood the simple contrivances which she used in the making of her dishes. The commodious kitchen was the center of household tasks, and we find the good housewife dressed in linsey-woolsey short gown, red petticoat and calf pumps, stepping lightly back and forth, busy with her menial tasks. We could almost note the charm of the smoke-stained beams, the crooked-neck squashes and skeins of thread and yarn, the sheen of the pewter plates and chargers that stood orderly in a row on the shelf of the dresser, reflecting the dancing fire.

At the inn of Thomas Southworth Howland at Plymouth, Massachusetts, a dinner was provided, the bill of fare giving evidence of the fine cooking of the landlady:

"A large baked Indian whortleberry pudding.
A dish of sauquetach.
A dish of clams.
A dish of oysters and a dish of cod-fish.
A haunch of venison, roasted by the first Jack brought into the colony.
A dish of sea-fowl.
A dish of frost-fish and eels.
An apple pie.
A course of cranberry tarts and cheese made in the Old Colony."

Meriden, a manufacturing town, situated not far from New Haven, is laid out with well shaded streets showing beautiful parks and buildings, one of the most attractive reservations being at the foot of Hanging Hills, comprising one thousand acres.

Meriden's history as a township does not commence until 1806, although the settlement started twenty-five

years after the founding of Hartford. Then there were beautiful farms cultivated on colonial or royal grants, showing that it was an agricultural country. In the western part of the town, early known as Wallingford, were many mines. On one of these farms supposed to have valuable mines dwelt Governor Belcher, who lost much money in fruitless operations.

One of the earliest industries was carried on in the vicinity of a miry area known as Dog's Misery, for, being a swampy spot, many of the canine tribe became lost in the depths of the impenetrable growth of alders where today you can find marks of the teeth of the beavers on logs. Here, on the borders, were what were called hoop lots, for every planter owned one where they made hoops and staves, which were in great demand, having a ready sale in the West Indies.

There are also many seventeenth century houses, as the gambrel roof and lean-to with silvered weathered exterior proclaim; some of them still standing show the great open beams and rafters as sound as when they were cut and hewn in the middle of the eighteenth century. This place was formerly known as "Pilgrim's Harbor," the name being given to a river that runs on to New Haven.

The building of the church in this little settlement was a momentous occasion, for the town was divided, some wanting it on one side and the rest on the other, so that when all the material was gathered the opposing party brought teams and carried it off to their desired location. There was great wrath in the hearts of the Dog's Misery residents, who fearlessly compelled the thieves to bring back the lumber, and the meeting

house went up where it was planned, a modest structure, thirty feet square and plain in architecture.

Not many rods distant was the old burying ground, standing on the highway that led to New Haven. There are still in existence a few of the moss-grown graves, so few that the dates of the first interments are unknown. The cemetery was abandoned in 1771, as it was so wet they were forced to have another.

As all the dwellings about 1796 were farmhouses and there was no village street, it was a time of literary famine, schoolbooks furnishing the principal reading, and even as late as when the library was established there was scarcely an inviting title entered on the catalogue. Meriden was very primitive in appearance up to 1806, still retaining, however, its appearance of farm land. There were many taverns in the settlement, the most prominent being kept by Dr. Insign Hough. This was the headquarters of the selectmen as well as the town officers. The farmers met here after a day's work was over to discuss the events of the times, and twice each day the stagecoaches running from Hartford on to New Haven stopped to give the passengers a chance to obtain dinner while the horses were fed in the old barn.

The turnpike, opened in 1799, was hailed with joy, as it meant additions to the settlement. It took a course just east of the Yale House, absorbing the back yard.

About 1802 the first manufactory of any size was opened, when one Samuel Yale took up the making of cut nails, the little machine being worked by hand and each nail headed by hand separately. They also

manufactured buttons of pewter, rough in construction, but suitable for the times.

There is no more historic spot than that occupied by Ye 1711 Inn, which was originally built by Solomon Goffe, who bought his father's interest in the property after his death. The deed read that the farm was in the woods, bounded west by the country road, and that it extended both north, east and south. The tavern itself is undoubtedly the oldest in the town, and still contains the old rafters and hewn floor beams, the dormer windows being a later addition.

We were interested in visiting the cellar, where we viewed the enormous chimneys, the stones being cemented with clay mixed with straw, as was the foundation wall, a sure sign that it was an early house. The idea was strengthened by the discovery of split laths, such as were used only in houses of that period. This house has always been one of the landmarks on the main colony highway leading from New York to Boston, and although improvements have been made and an old-fashioned garden laid out in which are planted hollyhocks, phlox, iris, marigolds, zinnias and many other old-fashioned flowers, many of the features of the early days have been retained.

As one enters the hospitable doorway, one sees the sitting room where the daughter was married and the minister took tea. At one side is a china cupboard which originally was filled with pieces brought overseas, and used only on state occasions. The dining room also has quaint old cupboards and an old-time fireplace. It is hung with scenic paper, giving it the atmosphere of the early eighteenth century. In the north room

recently added (by recently we mean one hundred and twenty years ago), we found iron strap hinges on the door, nails made by hand and all the other fixtures that were in vogue at that period.

The most interesting of all, however, was the basement kitchen with its six-foot-wide fireplace, brick oven and hand-hewn beams, dark with age, — a typical room of the olden times, when taverns dispensed spirits and the population was small.

Fortunately we found a rare collection of pictorial bandboxes, so reminiscent of the early days when the stage driver, the autocrat of the tavern stable, impressed the gaping crowd of rustics with an idea of his importance. Those were the days when bandboxes were in favor and the ladies took them as they journeyed. We could almost see the color scheme as they peered out at us among shiny black stagecoach trunks studded with brass-headed nails, for every belle took with her, not one, but many, of these contrivances.

We learned that they were first designed for gentlemen, who during the eighteenth century wore powdered wigs, ruffled shirts, buckled shoes and knee breeches. The style of dress of that day demanded highly ornamented neckwear, wonderful creations of buckram covered with satin, silk and velvet, edged with rich lace and adorned with jeweled buckles, demanding a box of generous dimensions to hold them without crushing. They also used others for the carrying of their wigs when not placed upon their heads.

Doubtless their wives, intrigued by the charming possibilities of the bandbox, appropriated them for their own use, to receive their calashes, muskmelon

hoods and poke bonnets, the latter so wide and deep as to hide the fair faces of their owners. At the height of their popularity they varied from tiny specimens that held less than two quarts to mammoth ones big enough to hold a bushel.

The early specimens were made of wood covered with paper, pasteboard being used about 1850. They were rich in coloring, vegetable dyes being used for this purpose and today we have never been able to produce the rich tones of the colonial yellow, the soft shades of China pink, or the cool hemlock green of our ancestors.

These came into style when the country was more prosperous, demanding better living and more elaborate dressing. As the ladies often journeyed on horseback, the bandbox was fastened to the pommel of the saddle. Originating in France, they were copied in other countries, the majority of those found today being of American make, and illustrating events that took place during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century.

Generally there was one kind of decoration on the side and another on the top, the covering being especially made for the purpose, thinner than wall paper and tougher in quality. Many of these were of historic value, and had all the charm of old Japanese prints in coloring.

There were pictures of the New York State House, Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Castle Garden when it was still an island, the Capitol at Albany, the first Capitol at Washington, — the New York Post Office, State House and Deaf and Dumb Asylum being found on the

same box, the former on the sides and the latter on the cover.

The windmill and railroad illustrated rude cars loaded with wood and miscellaneous freights. These were drawn over rails by horse power, a primitive windmill being featured in the landscape showing a simplicity of treatment combined with rich coloring that furnished an interesting motif.

Military scenes were very popular, Napoleon, Washington or General Zachary Taylor being shown. There were also infantry and cavalry drills, ships of all patterns, some in storms and some in calm, all with canvas set.

The ladies delighted in featuring Italian gardens, where strutted the gaudy peacock whose fanlike tail reflected the sunlight in a dazzle of iridescent hues. These were often combined with baskets of flowers, fountains or the grapevine pattern. Bridal boxes were generally finished in dull yellow and brown, — Venus being a favorite decoration. One of these depicts a temple of Venus with altar and grove, the fire upon the altar being replenished by a mortal half hidden from view by clustering trees and shrubbery.

After the Revolution the spread eagle came into style, the paper for these bandboxes being at first imported from Europe and afterwards made in our country, for so important had they become that they were advertised in the local papers.

CHAPTER XXIII

OTHER INNS AND THEIR LEGENDS

Unhappily vacation days must end, for the work-a-day world calls, so visions of fair green fields and cloud-shaded meadows must be left behind. We can no longer abide in the land of lighted candles, blazing hearth fires, sixteen-pane windows that seemingly whisper with the soft voices of colonial dames, in the days when rough riding over rutty roads led to pleasant taverns. We remembered reading of one where in 1759 semi-weekly turtle feasts occurred, partaken of by the tavern folks. Then we wondered if any vacation had been so filled with pleasure as this.

As we journeyed we loved to dwell on the tales we had listened to concerning historic taverns where Revolutionary hero or colonist came over the threshold, anxious to discuss some important problem that he had been revolving in his mind while he turned the furrows for planting.

There was the Bell-In-Hand, an ancient tavern, one of Boston's favorites, whose quaint sign, with its painted date of 1795, is alas! no more, and we loved to think when the signal came for the closing of its doors, that the assembled company united in singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" as they slowly filed out.

This old ale house had long and valiantly resisted the march of modern improvements, and even within the last few years the patrons had enjoyed drinking

from pewter mugs as they sat around the mellow wooden tables, even when the rumble of bricks overhead told them that the house was being demolished.

The Bell was located ideally in a lane whose name is variously spelled, more often called Pi Alley and where there was just room enough to squeeze through that one might enter the doors. It was dingy and dark, bounded on one side by a teaming street, on the other by a similar one; still it kept busy, for patrons loved to pass under the quaint sign of the upstretched arm and tilted bell with a lettered support beneath.

The Bunch of Grapes Tavern, which stood on King Street and Mackerel Lane in Boston on a spot now known as State Street, was a famous hostelry, where bunches of gilded grapes projected from the corner of the Inn. It was in reality a copy from England, where scarcely a large town but has an inn of the same name.

In 1752, the title of the original or Eastern House was set up by Francis Holmes, the founder of the Amory family in America. This was the first inn of that name of which anything is known, and it has been said that the title of the land came down unclouded from William Davis, the original owner in the Book of Possessions, to Francis Holmes. In 1728 it was chosen as the lodging-place of Governor William Burnet, the Province House not being ready for occupancy; and this fact showed that it must have obtained a high rank among the hostelries of the town. The Scots Charitable Society, the oldest in America, held its regular meetings here in 1767 and 1768, and Washington's choice of this for spending more than one night after the evacuation of the British invested it with lasting interest.

During the war this tavern was for a period moved to Congress Street, and it was there that General Stark was entertained after the victory at Bennington. The lease expired in 1819, and the signal was given that the old tavern must be torn down for the coming of a granite structure, a bank, which has also gone its way through the erection of a large exchange building on its site.

The first stagecoach to Providence started from the Lamb Tavern, which stood on the site of the Adams House in Boston, — this was in 1767, the building being constructed of wood, while the dining room, added afterwards, was of brick.

There was also another, known as the King's Head Tavern, where Josselyn came in 1663, the same year that he visited Ipswich, and calling here he tells us he was provided with a liberal cup of burnt Madeira wine and a store of plum cake. We must not forget the Green Dragon Tavern where the Masonic fraternity met, it being their headquarters. The name was illustrated by a copper dragon depicted on the sign, and it was inside this inn that Paul Revere and his comrades kept watch for the British during the turbulent period of 1774 and 1775.

Early provision was made for taverns and "ordinaries" in Salem, where in 1646 Mrs. Catherine Clarke was licensed for ten pounds per year, that is if "she provide a fitt man, that is godly to manage the business," she having a family of children.

Just over the line from Salem stands a historic site where originally was the Bell Tavern, a famous "hostelrie," situated on the great thoroughfare from

the East and North to Boston. Here the colonists sought shelter and refreshment, promised by the jolly host on his signboard, "Entertainment for man and beast," and upon hearing of the death of good Queen Anne, the loyal neighbors made this their meeting place, mourning one day and rejoicing the next when they learned of the accession of the first George. They also commemorated the coming of his son, George II, by a bowl of punch, the same bowl used as when his father ascended the throne. Then came the third George, who was welcomed with a zeal that was only equaled by that with which they drank confusion to his ministers, for here the odious Stamp Act and all Parliament Taxes were patriotically denounced.

Francis Symonds, when host, sported a wooden bell for his sign, informing the people of his good cheer by the following verse:

> "Francis Symonds Makes and Sells
> The best of Chocolate, also Shells.
> I'll toll you if you have need,
> And feed you well, and bid you speed."

In Newburyport there were also many interesting taverns, one of these being known as the Blue Anchor, opened in 1670, and the license renewed every year until 1680. The landlord was appointed at a time when it was almost impossible to find any person to serve in this capacity, but having disposed of all his real estate he was temporarily disqualified for serving as an innkeeper, that is until 1680, when it was decided by the Court that he could be licensed to draw wine and liquor for a year.

The house, which was the home during the latter

days of Harriet Prescott Spofford, has an interesting history. This is situated on Deer Island which covers an area of seven acres, and is connected by an iron bridge with Newburyport. Here at one time Ebenezer Pearson ran a tavern for the accommodation of travelers, this becoming a famous rendezvous for sleighing parties during the winter. It was on the evening of December 19, 1816, that Major Elijah P. Goodrich of Bangor, Maine, passed the hostelry on his way to Newburyport. Making his way back later on he told of being assaulted by three men, robbed of a large sum of money and left senseless.

This fact created a great furor in the town, Daniel Webster being engaged as counsel by the innkeeper, who was arrested as being concerned in the matter, but in the absence of satisfactory proof was acquitted.

Not far distant from Newburyport stands a farmhouse facing the road. This was known as the "I. P. Tavern," kept by one Pearson, the name given to it on account of the lettering on his bottles of rum with which the cellar was filled. In the upper story of the house was a large room used in the olden days for dinners, and after the Revolutionary War, when a party of soldiers met here, they christened it, "Independence Hall" by which name it was known ever afterwards. One of the regular guests was Lord Timothy Dexter, whose score is still shown in an old book owned by one of the citizens of Byfield.

Farther down near Dummer Academy stands a small house which was formerly used by Enoch Boynton for a tavern, and familiarly known as the Boynton Tavern. During his régime two sons were born to him,

the one named Adding, on account of the adding to the tavern during the time of his birth. The other was named Tearing, for when he came into the world they were tearing down a part of the old inn.

Many are the anecdotes which are told concerning old inns. Particularly interesting is one that stood in Duxbury. The innkeeper was an irate man who took offense at what he considered a wrong decision in a case that he was contesting at court. On his return home he ordered a signboard painted on which he depicted the officers of the Court in caricature. When it was learned in Boston of this offense a party of officers were sent to remove the sign. The innkeeper, who was on his way to Boston, learning what was about to take place, returned in time to confront them and save the demolition of his property.

Judge Sewall, a favorite judge in Ipswich, tells us that there was a wonderful hostelry at the close of the seventeenth century known as the Francis Crompton, located in a parklike meadow nearly opposite the historic Heard House, and that a retinue of slaves were employed to wait upon the patrons. He also tells us that he ate roast fowl here, showing that it was one of his favorite resorts.

John Adams, who came frequently to this town, chose for his stopping place the Treadwell Inn, and he tells us that on June 19, 1779, he rambled with Kent around the landlord's fields to see how the horses fared, convincing himself that they were grazing in excellent pasture. He also relates that the hill on which the meeting house stood "gave us fine air and a pleasant prospect of the winding river." While here he drank

balm tea, showing that the landlord had carried out the orders to eschew the favorite drink. Treadwell married the great-granddaughter of Governor Endicott, and she and her husband were spoken of as "the grandest people alive." It was in 1774 that Adams, coming with his brother Josiah Quincy to attend Court, put up at the same place, and viewed with great pleasure a picture of Governor Endicott which hung on the wall.

Jacob, the son of Nathaniel, continued the hostelry, entertaining in 1782 the Marquis de Chastellus, who with Baron de Talleyrand and brother officers made an extensive tour on horseback.